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LILLIAN AND OTHER POEMS

BY

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

NOW FIRST COLLECTED.

REDFIELD,
CLINTON HALL, NEW YORK.
1852.

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BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED was born in 1802, in London, where his parents were connected with a great banking house which still remains in the family. At a very early age he was placed at Eton, where Henry Nelson Coleridge, John Moultrie and others who have since been distinguished in literature or in political affairs were his schoolfellows. With Moultrie he set up The Etonian, one of the cleverest and most spirited undergraduate magazines ever sent from a college. To this he was the largest contributor, and its success was so great that it went through four editions, and established for him a reputation for extraordinary precocious talent. From Eton he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he carried away an unprecedented number of prizes for Greek and Latin odes and epigrams and English poems. On leaving the university he settled in London, and soon after became associated with T. B. Macaulay, Hookham Frere, and others, in the conduct of Knight's Quarterly Magazine, of which his articles were the life and main attraction. This miscellany being discontinued, he wrote a large number of playful lyrics for the New Monthly Magazine and the illustrated annuals, and pungent political satires for the journals.

In youth he shared the liberalism of Southey, but like the laureate he became conservative while advancing into manhood. The abilities he displayed in public con-

troversy induced his election to the House of Commons, and he was a member for Aylesbury, St. Germains and Yarmouth, in three successive Parliaments. Though a love of ease, and social propensities, prevented the best cultivation of his powers, and the quick seizure of each opportunity, necessary to eminence in politics, he did enough to justify the earnest anticipations of his friends, and to earn for himself the title of a "rising man." He held the place of Secretary of the Board of Control, from December in 1834 to April in 1835, and other offices, in higher series, promised to reward his continuance in public life. At this period his early friend Moultrie, who had entered the ministry of the Established Church, addressed him in the following sonnets:

I.

In youth and early manhood thou and I
Through this world's path walked blithely side by side,
Unlike, and yet by kindred aims allied,
Both courting one coy mistress—Poesy.
Those days are over, and our paths now lie
Apart, dissevered by a space as wide
As the blank realms which heaven and earth divide,
And widening day by day continually.
Each hath forsaken the sweet Muses' shrine
For cares more serious; thou for wordy strife
And senatorial toils,—how unlike mine!
Who lead the country pastor's humble life,
Sweetening its cares with joys denied to thine,
Fair children and a loved and loving wife.

II.

So sang I all unwitting of the prize,
Which thou meanwhile hadst won and wearest now,
The fairest garland that enwreathes thy brow,
Crowned though it be for youth's rich phantasies
And manhood's virtues, by the good and wise,
With well-earned laurel. I have witnessed how
Thy whole heart honors the blest nuptial vow;
How well become thee this world's tenderest ties;
And gladlier now doth my mind's eye repose
On thy bright home,—thy breathing-times of rest
From public turmoil,—on the love that glows
In the fond father's and the husband's breast,
Than on thy well-waged strifes with factious foes
Or lettered triumphs, e'en by them confessed.

III.

In youth's impetuous days thy heart was warm,
Thy tongue unchecked, thy spirit bold and high,
With such blind zeal for mis-called liberty,
That friend and foe looked on thee with alarm.
But since maturer years dispelled the charm
And weaned thee from thy first idolatry,
With what foul gibes doth faction's spiteful fry,
Venting its rage around thee, shriek and swarm:
Recreant or renegade, the mildest name
With which they greet thee; but thy heart meanwhile
Is pure beyond the reach of venal blame,
Free, firm, unstained by selfishness or guile,
Too noble for even party to defile:
If thou art faithless, let me be the same.

In the autumn of 1838 the health of the young commoner began to decline, and he gave up his employments and his ambitions, to retire into his home and prepare for death; and on the fifteenth of July, 1839, he died, in the thirty-seventh year of his age.

The writer of this preface, while a boy, was accustomed to read with delight the pieces of Praed as they appeared in our periodicals, and when news came of the poet's death, he directed the importation of a copy of his works, and was surprised with the information that they had never been collected; but the bookseller who had ordered them from London—Mr. Langley, whose store was then in the Astor House—readily undertook the publication of as many of his compositions as were accessible in old souvenirs and magazines, and the result was the only volume of them hitherto printed—a volume which now has become rare, so that Miss Mitford states, in the recently published Reminiscences of her Life, that she procured it with considerable difficulty.

The merits of Praed are peculiar and very great. As a writer of *vers de societe* he is without an equal among English authors. Nothing can be more graceful, natural, and agreeable, than his Every Day Characters; we

find nowhere a more brilliant play of fancy than in Lillian and his other arabesque stories, in which the most curious rural superstitions are embroidered so deftly on the feelings of the drawing room; and perhaps there is no other example in which a humor so quiet, airy and delicious, is so happily interblent with moving tenderness, as in Josephine, and many of his other apparently careless yet really most exquisitely finished productions. This humorous melancholy, this gayety, with undertones of sadness, is perhaps our author's chief distinction.

The present edition of these poems is much more full than any hitherto published, and it may have the effect of inducing some English publisher to give us a complete collection of the works of an author whose carelessness of his literary reputation should not deprive the world of one of the most charming books for which any writer of our time has furnished material.

R. W. G.

New York, April, 1852.

POEMS BY W. M. PRAED.

LILLIAN.*

"A dragon's tail is flayed to warm
A headless maiden's heart."

Miss ——.

"And he's cleckit this great muckle bird out o' this wee egg! he could wile the very flounders out o' the Frith!"

Mr. Saddletree.

CANTO I.

THERE was a dragon in Arthur's time,
When dragons and griffins were voted "prime,"
Of monstrous reputation:
Up and down, and far and wide,
He roamed about in his scaly pride;
And ever, at morn and even-tide,
He made such rivers of blood to run
As shocked the sight of the blushing sun,
And deluged half the nation.

* This poem appeared originally with the following advertisement.

"THE reader is requested to believe that the following statement is literally true; because the writer is well aware that the circumstances under which Lillian was composed are the only source of its merits, and the only apology for its faults. At a small party at Cambridge, some malicious belles endeavored to confound their sonnetteering friends, by setting unintelligible and inexplicable subjects for the exer-

It was a pretty monster, too,
With a crimson head, and a body blue,
And wings of a warm and delicate hue,
  Like the glow of a deep carnation:
And the terrible tail that lay behind,
Reached out so far as it twisted and twined,
That a couple of dwarfs, of wondrous strength,
Bore, when he travelled, the horrible length,

  Like a Duke's at the coronation.
His mouth had lost one ivory tooth,
Or the dragon had been, in very sooth,
  No insignificant charmer;
And that—alas! he had ruined it,
When on new-year's day, in a hungry fit,
He swallowed a tough and a terrible bit—
Sir Lob, in his brazen armor.
Swift and light were his steps on the ground,
Strong and smooth was his hide around,
For the weapons which the peasants flung
Ever unfelt or unheeded rung,

cise of their poetical talents. Among many others, the Thesis was given out which is the motto of Lillian:

"A dragon's tail is flayed to warm
A headless maiden's heart,"

and the following was an attempt to explain the riddle. The partiality with which it had been honored in manuscript, and the frequent applications which have been made to the author for copies, must be his excuse for having a few impressions struck off for private circulation among his friends. It was written, however, with the sole view of amusing the ladies in whose circle the idea originated; and to them, with all due humility and devotion, it is inscribed.

"Trinity College, Cambridge, *October* 26, 1822."

Arrow, and stone, and spear,
As snow o'er Cynthia's window flits,
Or raillery of twenty wits
On a fool's unshrinking ear.

In many a battle the beast had been,
Many a blow he had felt and given:
Sir Digore came with a menacing mien,
But he sent Sir Digore straight to Heaven;
Stiff and stour were the arms he wore,
Huge the sword he was wont to clasp;
But the sword was little, the armor brittle,
Locked in the coil of the dragon's grasp.

He came on Sir Florice of Sesseny Land,
Pretty Sir Florice from over the sea,
And smashed him all as he stepped on the sand,
Cracking his head like a nut from the tree.
No one till now, had found, I trow,
Any thing good in the scented youth,
Who had taken much pains to be rid of his brains,
Before they were sought by the dragon's tooth.

He came on the Sheriff of Hereford,
As he sat him down to his Sunday dinner;
And the Sheriff he spoke but this brief word:
"St. Francis, be good to a corpulent sinner!"
Fat was he, as a Sheriff might be,
From the crown of his head to the tip of his toe;
But the Sheriff was small, or nothing at all,
When put in the jaws of the dragon foe.

He came on the Abbot of Arnondale,
As he kneeled him down to his morning devotion;
But the dragon he shuddered, and turned his tail
About, "with a short uneasy motion."
Iron and steel, for an early meal,
He stomached with ease, or the Muse is a liar;
But out of all question, he failed in digestion,
If ever he ventured to swallow a friar!

Monstrous brute!—his dread renown
Made whispers and terrors in country and town;
Nothing was babbled by boor or knight,
But tales of his civic appetite.
At last, as after dinner he lay,
Hid from the heat of the solar ray,
By boughs that had woven an arbor shady,
He chanced to fall in with the Headless Lady.
Headless! alas! 't was a piteous gibe;
I'll drink Aganippe, and then describe.

Her father had been a stout yeoman,
Fond of his jest and fond of his can,
But never over-wise;
And once, when his cups had been many and deep,
He met with a dragon fast asleep,
'T was a faery in disguise:
In a dragon's form she had riden the storm,
The realm of the sky invading;
Sir Grahame's ship was stout and fast,
But the faery came on the rushing blast,

And shivered the sails, and shivered the mast,
And down went the gallant ship at last,
With all the crew and lading.
And the fay laughed out to see the rout,
As the last dim hope was fading;
And this she had done in a love of fun,
And a love of masquerading.
She lay that night in a sunny vale,
And the yeoman found her sleeping;
Fiercely he smote her glittering tail,
But oh! his courage began to fail,
When the faery rose all weeping.
"Thou hast lopped," she said, "beshrew thine hand!—
The fairest foot in faery land!

"Thou hast an infant in thine home!
Never to her shall reason come,
For weeping or for wail,
Till she shall ride with a fearless face
On a living dragon's scale,
And fondly clasp to her heart's embrace
A living dragon's tail."
The faery's form from his shuddering sight
Flowed away in a stream of light.

Disconsolate that youth departed,
Disconsolate and poor;
And wended, chill and broken-hearted,
To his cottage on the moor;

Sadly and silently he knelt
  His lonely hearth beside;
Alas! how desolate he felt
  As he hid his face and cried.
The cradle where the babe was laid
  Stood in its own dear nook,
But long—how long! he knelt, and prayed,
  And did not dare to look.
He looked at last; his joy was there,
And slumbering with that placid air
Which only babes and angels wear.
Over the cradle he leaned his head;
The cheek was warm, and the lip was red:
And he felt, he felt, as he saw her lie,
A hope—which was a mockery.
The babe unclosed her eye's pale lid:—
Why doth he start from the sight it hid?
He had seen in the dim and fitful ray,
That the light of the soul hath gone away!
Sigh nor prayer he uttered there,
In mute and motionless despair,
But he laid him down beside his child,
And LILLIAN saw him die—and smiled.
The mother? she had gone before;
And in the cottage on the moor,
With none to watch her and caress,
No arm to clasp, no voice to bless,
The witless child grew up alone,
And made all Nature's book her own.

If, in the warm and passionate hour
When Reason sleeps in Fancy's bower,
If thou hast ever, ever felt
A dream of delicate beauty melt
  Into the heart's recess,
Seen by the soul, and seen by the mind,
  But indistinct its loveliness,
Adored, and not defined;
A bright creation, a shadowy ray,
Fading and flitting in mist away,
Nothing to gaze on, and nothing to hear,
But something to cheat the eye and ear
With a fond conception and joy of both,
So that you might, that hour, be loth
To change for some one's sweetest kiss
The visions of unenduring bliss,
Or lose some one's sweetest tone,
The murmur thou drinkest all alone—
If such a vision hath ever been thine,
Thou hast a heart that may look on mine!

For, oh! the light of my saddened theme
Was like to naught but a poet's dream,
Or the forms that come on the twilight's wing,
Shaped by the soul's imagining.
Beautiful shade with her tranquil air,
And her thin white arm, and her flowing hair,
And the light of her eye so boldly obscure,
And the hue of her cheek so pale and pure!
Reason and thought she had never known,
Her heart was as cold as a heart of stone;

So you might guess from her eyes' dim rays,
And her idiot laugh, and her vacant gaze.
She wandered about all lone on the heather,
She and the wild heath-birds together;
For Lillian seldom spoke or smiled,
But she sang as sweet as a little child.
Into her song her dreams would throng,
  Silly, and wild, and out of place;
And yet that wild and roving song
  Entranced the soul in its desolate grace.
And hence the story had ever run,
That the fairest of dames was a headless one.

The pilgrim in his foreign weeds
  Would falter in his prayer;
And the monk would pause in his half-told beads
  To breathe a blessing there;
The knight would loose his vizor-clasp,
And drop the rein from his nerveless grasp,
And pass his hand across his brow
With a sudden sigh, and a whispered vow,
And marvel Flattery's tale was told,
From a lip so young to an ear so cold.
She had seen her sixteenth winter out,
When she met with the beast I was singing about:
The dragon, I told you, had dined that day;
So he gazed upon her as he lay,
Earnestly looking, and looking long,
With his appetite weak and his wonder strong.
Silent he lay in his motionless coil;
And the song of the lady was sweet the while:—

"Nonny Nonny! I hear it float,
Innocent bird, thy tremulous note:
It comes from thy home in the eglantine,
And I stay this idle song of mine,
Nonny Nonny! to listen to thine!

"Nonny Nonny! 'LILLIAN sings
The sweetest of all living things!'
So Sir Launcelot averred;
But surely Sir Launcelot never heard
Nonny Nonny! the natural bird!"

The dragon he lay in mute amaze,
Till something of kindness crept into his gaze;
He drew the flames of his nostrils in,
He veiled his claws with their speckled skin,
He curled his fangs in a hideous smile;
And the song of the lady was sweet the while:—

"Nonny Nonny! who shall tell
Where the summer breezes dwell?
Lightly and brightly they breathe and blow,
But whence they come and whither they go,
Nonny Nonny! who shall know?

"Nonny Nonny! I hear your tone,
But I feel ye cannot read mine own;
And I lift my neck to your fond embraces,
But who hath seen in your resting-places,
Nonny Nonny! your beautiful faces?"

A moment! and the dragon came
Crouching down to the peerless dame,
With his fierce red eye so fondly shining,
And his terrible tail so meekly twining,
And the scales on his huge limbs gleaming o'er,
Gayer than ever they gleamed before.
She had won his heart, while she charmed his ear,
And Lillian smiled, and knew no fear.
And see, she mounts between his wings;
(Never a queen had a gaudier throne,)
And faery-like she sits and sings,
Guiding the steed with a touch and a tone,
Aloft, aloft in the clear blue ether,
The dame and the dragon they soared together;
He bore her away on the breath of the gale—
The two little dwarfs held fast by the tail.

Fanny! a pretty group for drawing;
My dragon like a war-horse pawing,
My dwarfs in a fright, and my girl in an attitude,
Patting the beast in her soulless gratitude.
There; you may try it if you will,
While I drink my coffee and nib my quill.

CANTO II.

The sun shone out on hill and grove;
It was a glorious day,
The lords and ladies were making love,
And the clowns were making hay;

But the town of Brentford marked with wonder
A lightning in the sky, and thunder,
And thinking('t was a thinking town)
Some prodigy was coming down,
A mighty mob to Merlin went,
To learn the cause of this portent;
And he, a wizard sage, but comical,
Looked through his glasses astronomical,
And puzzled every foolish sconce
By this oracular response:

"*Now the slayer doth not slay,*
Weakness flings her fear away,
Power bears the powerless,
Pity rides the pitiless;
Are ye lovers? are ye brave?
Hear ye this, and seek, and save!
He that would wed the loveliest maid,
Must don the stoutest mail,
For the rider shall never be sound in the head,
Till the ridden be maimed in the tail.
Hey diddle diddle! the cat and the fiddle!
None but the lover can read me my riddle!"

How kind art thou, and oh! how mighty,
Cupid! thou son of Aphrodite!
By thy sole aid in old romance,
Heroes and heroines sing and dance;
Of cane and rod there's little need;
They never learn to read or write;

Yet often, by thy sudden light,
Enamored dames contrive to write;
And often, in the hour of need,
Enamored youths contrive to read.
(I make a small digression here:
I merely mean to make it clear,
That if Sir Eglamour had wit
To read and construe, bit by bit,
All that the wizard had expressed,
And start conjectures on the rest,
Cupid had sharpened his discerning,
The little god of love and learning.)
He revolved in his bed what Merlin had said,
  Though Merlin had labored to scatter a veil on't;
And found out the sense of the tail and the head
  Though none of his neighbors could make head or tail on't.
Sir Eglamour was one o' the best
  Of Arthur's table round;
He never set his spear in rest,
  But a dozen went to the ground.
Clear and warm as the lightning flame,
His valor from his father came,
  His cheek was like his mother's;
And his hazel eye more clearly shone
Than any I ever have looked upon,
  Save Fanny's and two others!
With his spur so bright, and his rein so light,
  And his steed so swift and ready;
And his skilful sword, to wound or ward,
  And his spear so sure and steady;

He bore him like a British knight
From London to Penzance;
Avenged all weeping women's slight,
And made all giants dance.
And he had travelled far from home,
Had worn a mask at Venice,
Had kissed the Bishop's toe at Rome,
And beat the French at tennis:
Hence he had many a courtly play,
And jeerings and jibes in plenty,
And he wrote more rhymes in a single day
Than Byron or Bowles in twenty.

He clasped to his side his sword of pride,
His sword, whose native polish vied
With many a gory stain;
Keen and bright as a meteor-light;
But not so keen and not so bright,
As Moultrie's* jesting vein.
And his shield he bound his arm around,
His shield, whose dark and dingy round,
Naught human could get through;
Heavy and thick as a wall of brick,
But not so heavy and not so thick
As Roberts's Review.†

* Rev. John Moultrie, who, in 1828, (when many manuscript copies of "Lillian" were in circulation,) wrote some beautiful and pathetic lyrics, some of which appeared in Knight's Quarterly Magazine.

† "My Grandmother's Review—the British."—*Don Juan.* Roberts was the editor.—*Vide Byron's celebrated Letter to him.*

With a smile and a jest he set out on the quest,
Clad in his stoutest mail,
With his helm of the best, and his spear in the rest,
To flay the dragon's tail.
The warrior travelled wearily,
Many a league and many a mile;
And the dragon sailed in the clear blue sky;
And the song of the lady was sweet the while:—

"My steed and I, my steed and I,
On in the path of the winds we fly,
And I chase the planets that wander at even,
And bathe my hair in the dews of heaven!
Beautiful stars, so thin and bright,
Exquisite visions of vapor and light,
I love ye all with a sister's love,
And I rove with ye wherever ye rove,
And I drink your changeless, endless song,
The music ye make as ye wander along!
Oh! let me be, as one of ye,
Floating for aye on your liquid sea;
And I'll feast with you on the purest rain,
To cool my weak and wildered brain,
And I'll give you the loveliest lock of my hair
For a little spot in your realm of air!"

The dragon came down when the morn shone bright,
And slept in the beam of the sun;
Fatigued, no doubt, with his airy flight,
As I with my jingling one.

With such a monstrous adversary
Sir Eglamour was far too weary
  To think of bandying knocks;
He came on his foe as still as death,
Walking on tiptoe, and holding his breath,
And instead of drawing his sword from his sheath,
  He drew a pepper-box!
The pepper was as hot as flame,
  The box of a wondrous size;
He gazed one moment on the dame,
Then, with a sure and steady aim
Full in the dragon's truculent phiz
He flung the scorching powder—whiz!
  And darkened both his eyes!

Have you not seen a little kite
  Rushing away on its paper wing,
  To mix with the wild wind's quarrelling?
Up it soars with an arrowy flight,
    Till, weak and unsteady,
    Torn by the eddy,
It dashes to earth from its hideous height?
Such was the rise of the beast in his pain,
Such was his falling to earth again;
Upward he shot, but he saw not his path,
Blinded with pepper, and blinded with wrath;
One struggle—one vain one—of pain and emotion!
And he shot back again, like "a bird of the ocean!"
Long he lay in a trance that day,

And alas! he did not wake before
The cruel knight with skill and might,
Had lopped and flayed the tail he wore.

Twelve hours by the chime he lay in his slime,
More utterly blind, I trow,
Than a Polypheme in the olden time,
Or a politician now.
He sped, as soon as he could see,
To the Paynim bowers of Rosalie;
For there the dragon had hope to cure,
By the tinkling rivulets, ever pure,
By the glowing sun, and fragrant gale,
His wounded honor and wounded tail!
He hied him away to the perfumed spot:
The little dwarfs clung—where the tail was not!
The damsel gazed on that young knight,
With something of terror, but more of delight;
Much she admired the gauntlets he wore,
Much the device that his buckler bore,
Much the feathers that danced on his crest,
But most the baldrick that shone on his breast.
She thought the dragon's pilfered scale
Was fairer far than the warrior's mail,
And she lifted it up with her weak white arm,
Unconscious of its hidden charm,
And round her throbbing bosom tied,
In mimicry of warlike pride.

Gone is the spell that bound her!
The talisman hath touched her heart,
And she leaps with a fearful and fawn-like start

As the shades of glamory depart—
Strange thoughts are glimmering round her;
Deeper and deeper her cheek is glowing,
Quicker and quicker her breath is flowing,
And her eye gleams out from its long dark lashes,
Fast and full, unnatural flashes;
  For hurriedly and wild
Doth Reason pour her hidden treasures,
Of human griefs, and human pleasures,
  Upon her new-found child.
And "oh!" she saith, "my spirit doth seem
To have risen to-day from a pleasant dream;
A long, long dream—but I feel it breaking!
Painfully sweet is the throb of waking;"
And then she laughed, and wept again:
While, gazing on her heart's first rain,
Bound in its turn by a magic chain,
  The silent youth stood there:
Never had either been so blest;—
You that are young may picture the rest,
  You that are young and fair.
Never before, on this warm land,
Came Love and Reason hand in hand.

When you are blest, in childhood's years
With the brightest hopes and the lightest fears,
Have you not wandered in your dream,
  Where a greener glow was on the ground,
  And a clearer breath in the air around,
And a purer life in the gay sunbeam,
And a tremulous murmur in every tree,
And a motionless sleep on the quiet sea?

And have you not lingered, lingered still,
All unfettered in thought and will,
A fair and cherished boy;
Until you felt it pain to part
From the wild creations of your art,
Until your young and innocent heart
Seemed bursting with its joy?
And then, oh then, hath your waking eye
Opened in all its ecstacy,
And seen your mother leaning o'er you,
The loved and loving one that bore you,
Giving her own, her fond caress,
And looking her eloquent tenderness?
Was it not heaven to fly from the scene
Where the heart in the vision of night had been,
And drink, in one o'erflowing kiss,
Your deep reality of bliss?
Such was LILLIAN's passionate madness,
Such was the calm of her waking gladness.

Enough! my tale is all too long:
Fair children, if the trifling song,
That flows for you to-night,
Hath stolen from you one gay laugh,
Or given your quiet hearts to quaff
One cup of young delight,
Pay ye the rhymer for his toils
In the coinage of your golden smiles,
And treasure up his idle verse,
With the stories ye loved from the lips of your nurse.

THE BRIDAL OF BELMONT.

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

Where foams and flows the glorious Rhine,
Many a ruin wan and gray
O'erlooks the corn-field and the vine,
Majestic in its dark decay.
Among their dim clouds, long ago,
They mocked the battles that raged below,
And greeted the guests in arms that came,
With hissing arrow, and scalding flame:
But there is not one of the homes of pride
That frown on the breast of the peaceful tide,
Whose leafy walls more proudly tower
Than these, the walls of Belmont Tower.

Where foams and flows the glorious Rhine,
Many a fierce and fiery lord
Did carve the meat, and pour the wine,
For all that revelled at his board.
Father and son, they were all alike,
Firm to endure, and fast to strike;

Little they loved but a Frau or a feast,
Nothing they feared but a prayer or a priest;
But there was not one in all the land
More trusty of heart, or more stout of hand,
More valiant in field, or more courteous in bower,
Than Otto, the Lord of Belmont Tower.

Are you rich, single, and 'your Grace'?
I pity your unhappy case;
Before you leave your travelling carriage,
The women have arranged your marriage;
Where'er your weary wit may lead you,
They pet you, praise you, fret you, feed you;
Consult your taste in wreaths and laces,
And make you make their books at Races,
Your little pony, Tam O'Shanter,
Is found to have the sweetest canter;
Your curricle is quite reviving,
And Jane 's so bold when you are driving!
Some recollect your father's habits,
And know the warren, and the rabbits!
The place is really princely—only
They 're sure you 'll find it vastly lonely.
You go to Cheltenham, for the waters,
And meet the Countess and her daughters;
You take a cottage at Geneva—
Lo! Lady Anne and Lady Eva.
In horror of another session,
You just surrender at discretion,
And live to curse the frauds of mothers,
And envy all your younger brothers.

Count Otto bowed, Count Otto smiled,
When My Lady praised her darling child;
Count Otto smiled, Count Otto bowed,
When the child those praises disavowed;
As a knight should gaze Count Otto gazed,
Where Bertha in all her beauty blazed;
As a knight should hear Count Otto heard,
When Liba sang like a forest bird—
But he thought, I trow, about as long
Of Bertha's beauty and Liba's song,
As the sun may think of the clouds that play
O'er his radiant path on a summer day.
Many a maid had dreams of state,
As the Count rode up to her father's gate;
Many a maid shed tears of pain,
As the count rode back to his Tower again;
But little he cared, as it should seem,
For the sad, sad tear, or the fond, fond dream—
Alone he lived—alone, and free
As the owl that dwells in the hollow tree:
And the Baroness said, and the Baron swore,
There never was knight so shy before!

It was almost the first of May:
The sun all smiles had passed away;
  The moon was beautifully bright;
Earth, heaven, as usual in such cases,
Looked up and down with happy faces;
  In short, it was a charming night.
And all alone, at twelve o'clock,
The young Count clambered down the rock,

Unfurled the sail, unchained the oar,
And pushed the shallop from the shore.
The holiness that sweet time flings
Upon all human thoughts and things,
When Sorrow checks her idle sighs,
And care shuts fast her wearied eyes;
The splendor of the hues that played
Fantastical o'er hill and glade,
As verdant slope and barren cliff
Seemed darting by the tiny skiff;
The flowers, whose faint tips, here and there,
Breathed out such fragrance, you might swear
That every soundless gale that fanned
The tide came fresh from fairy land;
The music of the mountain rill,
Leaping in glee from hill to hill,
To which some wild bird, now and then,
Made answer from her darksome glen—
All this to him had rarer pleasure
Than jester's wit or minstrel's measure;
And, if you ever loved romancing,
Or felt extremely tired of dancing,
You will not wonder that Count Otto
Left Lady Hildegonde's ridotto.

What melody glides o'er the star-lit stream?
"Lurley! Lurley!"
Angels of grace! does the young Count dream?
"Lurley! Lurley!"
Or is the scene indeed so fair
That a nymph of the sea or a nymph of the air

Has left the home of her own delight,
To sing to our roses or rocks to-night?
"Lurley! Lurley!"
Words there are none; but the waves prolong
The notes of that mysterious song:
He listens, and listens, and all around
Ripple the echoes of that sweet sound—
"Lurley! Lurley!"
No form appears on the river side;
No boat is borne on the wandering tide;
And the tones ring on, with naught to show
Or whence they come or whither they go—
"Lurley! Lurley!"
As fades one murmur on the ear,
There comes another, just as clear;
And the present is like to the parted strain
As link to link of a golden chain:
Lurley! Lurley!"
Whether the voice be sad or gay,
'T were very hard for the Count to say;
But pale are his cheeks and pained his brow,
And the boat drifts on he recks not how;
His pulse is quick and his heart is wild,
And he weeps, he weeps, like a little child.

Oh mighty music! they who know
The witchery of thy wondrous bow,
Forget, when thy strange spells have bound them,
The visible world that lies around them.
When Lady Mary sings Rosini,
Or stares at spectral Paganini,

To Lady Mary does it matter
Who laugh, who love, who frown, who flatter?
Oh no; she cannot heed or hear
Reason or rhyme from prince or peer:
In vain for her Sir Charles denounces
The horror of the last new flounces;
In vain the Doctor does his duty
By doubting of her rival's beauty;
And if my Lord, as usual, raves
About the sugar or the slaves,
Predicts the nation's future glories,
And chants the requiem of the Tories,
Good man! she minds him just as much
As Marshal Gerard minds the Dutch.
Hid was the bright heaven's loveliness
  Beneath a sudden cloud,
As a bride might doff her bridal dress
  To don her funeral shroud;
And over flood, and over fell,
  With a wild and wicked shout,
From the secret cell, where in chains they dwell,
  The joyous winds rushed out;
And the dark hills through, the thunder flew,
  And down the fierce hail came;
And from peak to peak the lightning threw
  Its shafts of liquid flame.
The boat went down; without delay,
The luckless boatman swooned away;
And when, as a clear Spring morning rose
He woke in wonder from repose,

The river was calm as the river could be,
And the thrush was awake on the gladsome tree,
And there he lay, in a sunny cave,
On the margin of the tranquil wave,
Half deaf with that infernal din,
And wet, poor fellow, to the skin.
He looked to the left and he looked to the right—
Why hastened he not, the noble knight,
To dry his aged nurse's tears,
To calm the hoary butler's fears,
To listen to the prudent speeches
Of half a dozen loquacious leeches—
To swallow cordials circumspectly,
And change his dripping cloak directly?
With foot outstretched, with hand upraised,
In vast surprise he gazed, and gazed:
Within a deep and damp recess
A maiden lay in her loveliness!
Lived she?—in sooth 't were hard to tell,
Sleep counterfeited Death so well.
A shelf of the rock was all her bed;
A ceiling of crystal was o'er her head;
Silken robe, nor satin vest,
Shrouded her form in its silent rest;
Only her long, long golden hair
About her lay like a thin robe there;
Up to her couch the young knight crept:
How very sound the maiden slept!
Fearful and faint the young knight sighed:
The echoes of the cave replied.

He leaned to look upon her face;
He clasped her hand in wild embrace;
Never was form of such fine mould—
But the hands and the face were as white and cold
As they of the Parian stone were made,
To which, in great Minerva's shade,
The Athenian sculptor's toilsome knife
Gave all of loveliness but life.
On her fair neck there seemed no stain,
Where the pure blood coursed thro' the delicate vein;
And her breath, if breath indeed it were,
Flowed in a current so soft and rare,
It would scarcely have stirred the young moth's wing
On the path of his noonday wandering;
Never on earth a creature trod,
Half so lovely, or half so odd.

Count Otto stares till his eyelids ache,
And wonders when she 'll please to wake;
While Fancy whispers strange suggestions,
And Wonder prompts a score of questions.
Is she a nymph of another sphere?
Whence came she hither?—what doth she here?
Or if the morning of her birth
Be registered on this our earth,
Why hath she fled from her father's halls?
And where hath she left her cloaks and shawls?
There was no time for Reason's lectures,
There was no time for Wit's conjectures;
He threw his arm, with timid haste,
Around the maiden's slender waist,

And raised her up in a modest way,
From the cold, bare rock on which she lay.
He was but a mile from his castle gate,
And the lady was scarcely five stone weight;
He stopped, in less than half an hour,
With his beauteous burden, at Belmont Tower.

Gay, I ween, was the chamber dressed,
As the Count gave order for his guest;
But scarcely on the couch 'tis said,
That gentle guest was fairly laid,
When she opened at once her great blue eyes,
And, after a glance of brief surprise,
Ere she had spoken, and ere she had heard
Of wisdom or wit a single word,
She laughed so long, and laughed so loud,
That Dame Ulrica often vowed
A dirge is a merrier thing by half
Than such a senseless, soulless laugh.
Around the tower the elfin crew
Seemed shouting in mirthful concert too;
And echoed roof, and trembled rafter,
With that unsentimental laughter.

As soon as that droll tumult passed,
The maiden's tongue, unchained at last,
Asserted all its female right,
And talked and talked with all its might.
Oh, how her low and liquid voice
Made the rapt hearer's soul rejoice!

'T was full of those clear tones that start
From innocent childhood's happy heart,
Ere passion and sin disturb the well
In which their mirth and music dwell.
But man nor master could make out
What the eloquent maiden talked about;
The things she uttered like did seem
To the babbling waves of a limpid stream;
For the words of her speech, if words they might be,
Were the words of a speech of a far countrie;
And when she had said them o'er and o'er,
Count Otto understood no more
Than you or I of the slang that falls
From dukes and dupes at Tattersall's,
Of Hebrew from a bearded Jew,
Or metaphysics from a Blue.

Count Otto swore, (Count Otto's reading
Might well have taught him better breeding,)
That whether the maiden should fume or fret,
The maiden should not leave him yet;
And so he took prodigious pains
To make her happy in her chains;
From Paris came a pair of cooks,
From Gottingen a load of books;
From Venice stores of gorgeous suits,
From Florence minstrels and their lutes;
The youth himself had special pride
In breaking horses for his bride;
And his old tutor, Doctor Hermann,
Was brought from Bonn to teach her German.

And there in her beauty and her grace
The wayward maiden grew;
And every day, of her form or face
Some charm seemed fresh and new;
Over her cold and colorless cheek
The blush of the rose was shed,
And her quickened pulse began to speak
Of human hope and dread!
And soon she grasped the learned lore
The old gray pedant taught,
And turned from the volume to explore
The hidden mine of thought.
Alas! her bliss was not the same
As it was in other years,
For with new knowledge sorrow came,
And with new passion tears.
Oft, till the Count came up from wine,
She would sit by the lattice high,
And watch the windings of the Rhine
With a very wistful eye;
And oft on some rude cliff she stood,
Her light harp in her hand,
And still as she looked on the gurgling flood,
She sang of her native land.
And when Count Otto pleaded well
For priest, and ring, and vow,
She heard the knight that fond tale tell,
With a pale and pensive brow:
"Henceforth my spirit may not sleep,
As ever till now it slept;

Henceforth mine eyes have learned to weep,
As never till now they wept.
Twelve months, dear Otto, let me grieve
For my own, my childhood's home,
Where the sun at noon, or the frost at eve,
Did never dare to come;
And when the Spring its smiles recalls,
Thy maiden will resign
The holy hush of her father's halls
For the stormy joys of thine."
But where that father's hall?—vain, vain!
She threw her sad eyes down;
And if you dared to ask again,
She answered with a frown.

Some people have a knack, we know,
Of saying things mal-a-propos,
And making all the world reflect
On what it hates to recollect:
They talk to misers of their heir,
To women of the times that were,
To ruined gamblers of the box,
To thin defaulters of the stocks,
To cowards of their neighbors' duels,
To Hayne of Lady H.'s jewels,
To poets of the wrong Review,
And to the French of Waterloo.
The Count was not of these; he never
Was half so clumsy, half so clever;
And when he found the girl had rather
Say nothing more about her father,

He changed the subject—told a fable—
Believed that dinner was on the table—
Or whispered, with an air of sorrow,
That it would surely rain to-morrow.

The Winter storms went darkly by,
And, from a blue and cloudless sky,
Again the sun looked cheerfully
Upon the rolling Rhine;
And Spring brought back to the budding flowers
Its genial light and freshening showers,
And music to the shady bowers,
And verdure to the vine.

And now it was the First of May;
For twenty miles round all is gay;
Cottage and castle keep holiday;
For how should sorrow lower
On brow of rustic or of knight,
When heaven itself looks all so bright,
Where Otto's wedding feast is dight
In the hall of Belmont Tower?
Stately matron and warrior tall
Come to the joyous festival;
Good Count Otto welcomes all,
As through the gate they throng;
He fills to the brim the wassail cup;
In the bright wine Pleasure sparkles up,
And draughts and tales grow long;
But grizly knights are still and mute,
And dames set down the untasted fruit,

When the bride takes up her golden lute,
And sings her solemn song:

"A voice ye hear not, in mine ear is crying;
What does the sad voice say?
'Dost thou not heed thy weary father's sighing?
Return, return to-day!
Twelve moons have faded now:
My daughter, where art thou?'

"Peace! in the silent evening we will meet thee,
Gray ruler of the tide!
Must not the lover with the loved one greet thee?
The bridegroom with his bride?
Deck the dim couch aright,
The bridal couch to-night."

The nurses to the children say
That, as the maiden sang that day,
The Rhine to the heights of the beetling tower
Sent up a cry of fiercer power,
And again the maiden's cheek was grown
As white as ever was marble stone,
And the bridesmaid her hand could hardly hold,
Its fingers were so icy cold.

Rose Count Otto from the feast,
As entered the hall the hoary priest.
A stalwart warrior, well I ween,
That hoary priest in his youth had been;
But the might of his manhood he had given
To peace and prayer, the Church and Heaven.

For he had travelled o'er land and wave;
He had kneeled on many a martyr's grave;
He had prayed in the meek St. Jerome's cell,
And had tasted St. Anthony's blessed well.
And reliques round his neck had he,
Each worth a haughty kingdom's fee—
Scrapings of bones, and points of spears,
And vials of authentic tears—
From a prophet's coffin a hallowed nail,
And a precious shred of our Lady's veil;
And therefore at his awful tread,
The powers of darkness shrank with dread;
And Satan felt that no disguise
Could hide him from those chastened eyes.
He looked on the bridegroom, he looked on the bride,
The young Count smiled, but the old priest sighed.

"Fields with the father I have won;
I am come in my cowl to bless the son;
Count Otto, ere thou bend thy knee,
What shall the hire of my service be?"

"Greedy hawk must gorge his prey,
Pious priest must win his pay;
Name the guerdon, and so to the task:
Thine it is, ere thy lips can ask."

He frowned as he answered—"Gold or gem,
Count Otto, little I reck of them;
But your bride has skill of the lute, they say:
Let her sing me the song I shall name to-day."

Loud laughed the Count: "And if she refuse
The ditty, Sir Priest, thy whim shall choose,
Row back to the house of old St. Goar;
I never bid priest to a bridal more."

Beside the maiden he took his stand,
He gave the lute to her trembling hand;
She gazed around with a troubled eye;
The guests all shuddered, and knew not why;
It seemed to them as if a gloom
Had shrouded all the banquet room,
Though over its boards, and over its beams,
Sunlight was glowing in merry streams.

The stern priest throws an angry glance
On that pale creature's countenance;
Unconsciously her white hand flings
Its soft touch o'er the answering strings;
The good man starts with a sudden thrill,
And half relents from his purposed will;
But he signs the cross on his aching brow
And arms his soul for its warfare now.
"Mortal maid or goblin fairy,
Sing me, I pray thee, an Ave-Mary!"

Suddenly the maiden bent
O'er the gorgeous instrument;
But of song, the listeners heard
Only one wild, mournful word—
"Lurley! Lurley!"

And when the sound, in the liquid air,
Of that brief hymn had faded,
Nothing was left of the nymph who there
For a year had masqueraded;
But the harp in the midst of the wide hall set,
Where her last strange word was spoken!
The golden frame with tears was wet,
And all the strings were broken!

THE RED FISHERMAN.

Oh flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!
Romeo and Juliet.

The abbot arose, and closed his book,
And donned his sandal shoon,
And wandered forth, alone, to look
Upon the summer moon:
A starlight sky was o'er his head,
A quiet breeze around;
And the flowers a thrilling fragrance shed,
And the waves a soothing sound:
It was not an hour, nor a scene, for aught
But love and calm delight;
Yet the holy man had a cloud of thought
On his wrinkled brow that night.
He gazed on the river that gurgled by,
But he thought not of the reeds:
He clasped his gilded rosary,
But he did not tell the beads;
If he looked to the heaven, 'twas not to invoke
The Spirit that dwelleth there;
If he opened his lips, the words they spoke
Had never the tone of prayer.

A pious priest might the abbot seem,
He had swayed the crosier well;
But what was the theme of the abbot's dream,
The abbot were loth to tell.

Companionless, for a mile or more,
He traced the windings of the shore.
Oh, beauteous is that river still,
As it winds by many a sloping hill,
And many a dim o'erarching grove,
And many a flat and sunny cove,
And terraced lawns, whose bright arcades
The honeysuckle sweetly shades,
And rocks, whose very crags seemed bowers,
So gay they are with grass and flowers!

But the abbot was thinking of scenery,
About as much in sooth,
As a lover thinks of constancy,
Or an advocate of truth.
He did not mark how the skies in wrath
Grew dark above his head;
He did not mark how the mossy path
Grew damp beneath his tread;
And nearer he came, and still more near,
To a pool, in whose recess
The water had slept for many a year,
Unchanged and motionless;
From the river stream it spread away
The space of a half a rood;
The surface had the hue of clay
And the scent of human blood;

The trees and the herbs that round it grew
  Were venomous and foul;
And the birds that through the bushes flew
  Were the vulture and the owl;
The water was as dark and rank
  As ever a Company pumped;
And the perch, that was netted and laid on the bank,
  Grew rotten while it jumped:
And bold was he who thither came
  At midnight, man or boy;
For the place was cursed with an evil name,
  And that name was "The Devil's Decoy!"

The abbot was weary as abbot could be,
And he sat down to rest on the stump of a tree.
When suddenly rose a dismal tone—
Was it a song, or was it a moan?
  "Oh, oh! Oh, oh!
    Above, below!
Lightly and brightly they glide and go;
The hungry and keen on the top are leaping,
The lazy and fat in the depths are sleeping;
Fishing is fine when the pool is muddy,
Broiling is rich when the coals are ruddy!"
In a monstrous fright, by the murky light,
He looked to the left and he looked to the right,
And what was the vision close before him,
That flung such a sudden stupor o'er him?
'Twas a sight to make the hair uprise,
  And the life-blood colder run:
The startled priest struck both his thighs,
  And the abbey clock struck one!

All alone, by the side of the pool,
A tall man sat on a three-legged stool,
Kicking his heels on the dewy sod,
And putting in order his reel and rod;
Red were the rags his shoulders wore,
And a high red cap on his head he bore;
His arms and his legs were long and bare;
And two or three locks of long red hair
Were tossing about his scraggy neck,
Like a tattered flag o'er a splitting wreck.
It might be Time, or it might be trouble,
Had bent that stout back nearly double—
Sunk in their deep and hollow sockets
That blazing couple of Congreve rockets,
And shrunk and shrivelled that tawny skin,
Till it hardly covered the bones within.
The line the abbot saw him throw
Had been fashioned and formed long ages ago,
And the hands that worked his foreign vest
Long ages ago had gone to their rest:
You would have sworn, as you looked on them,
He had fished in the flood with Ham and Shem!

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.
Minnow or gentle, worm or fly—
It seemed not such to the abbot's eye;
Gaily it glittered with jewel and gem,
And its shape was the shape of a diadem.
It was fastened a gleaming hook about,
By a chain within and a chain without;

The fisherman gave it a kick and a spin,
And the water fizzed as it tumbled in!

From the bowels of the earth,
Strange and varied sounds had birth—
Now the battle's bursting peal,
Neigh of steed, and clang of steel;
Now an old man's hollow groan
Echoed from the dungeon stone;
Now the weak and wailing cry
Of a stripling's agony!

Cold by this was the midnight air;
But the abbot's blood ran colder,
When he saw a gasping knight lie there,
With a gash beneath his clotted hair,
And a hump upon his shoulder.
And the loyal churchman strove in vain
To mutter a Pater Noster;
For he who writhed in mortal pain
Was camped that night on Bosworth plain—
The cruel Duke of Glo'ster!

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.
It was a haunch of princely size,
Filling with fragrance earth and skies.
The corpulent abbot knew full well
The swelling form, and the steaming smell;
Never a monk that wore a hood
Could better have guessed the very wood

Where the noble hart had stood at bay,
Weary and wounded, at close of day.

Sounded then the noisy glee
Of a revelling company—
Sprightly story, wicked jest,
Rated servant, greeted guest,
Flow of wine, and flight of cork:
Stroke of knife, and thrust of fork:
But, where'er the board was spread,
Grace, I ween, was never said!

Pulling and tugging the fisherman sat;
And the priest was ready to vomit,
When he hauled out a gentleman, fine and fat,
With a belly as big as a brimming vat,
And a nose as red as a comet.
"A capital stew," the fisherman said,
"With cinnamon and sherry!"
And the abbot turned away his head,
For his brother was lying before him dead,
The mayor of St. Edmond's Bury!

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,
As he took forth a bait from his iron box:
It was a bundle of beautiful things—
A peacock's tail, and a butterfly's wings,
A scarlet slipper, an auburn curl,
A mantle of silk, and a bracelet of pearl,
And a packet of letters, from whose sweet fold
Such a stream of delicate odors rolled,

That the abbot fell on his face, and fainted,
And deemed his spirit was half-way sainted.

Sounds seemed dropping from the skies,
Stifled whispers, smothered sighs,
And the breath of vernal gales,
And the voice of nightingales:
But the nightingales were mute,
Envious, when an unseen lute
Shaped the music of its chords
Into passion's thrilling words:

"Smile, lady, smile!—I will not set
Upon my brow the coronet,
Till thou wilt gather roses white
To wear around its gems of light.
Smile, lady, smile!—I will not see
Rivers and Hastings bend the knee,
Till those bewitching lips of thine
Will bid me rise in bliss from mine.
Smile, lady, smile!—for who would win
A loveless throne through guilt and sin?
Or who would reign o'er vale and hill,
If woman's heart were rebel still?"

One jerk, and there a lady lay,
A lady wondrous fair;
But the rose of her lip had faded away,
And her cheek was as white and as cold as clay,
And torn was her raven hair.
"Ah, ah!" said the fisher, in merry guise,

"Her gallant was hooked before;"
And the abbot heaved some piteous sighs,
For oft he had blessed those deep blue eyes,
The eyes of Mistress Shore!

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.
Many the cunning sportsman tried,
Many he flung with a frown aside;
A minstrel's harp, and a miser's chest,
A hermit's cowl, and a baron's crest,
Jewels of lustre, robes of price,
Tomes of heresy, loaded dice,
And golden cups of the brightest wine
That ever was pressed from the Burgundy vine;
There was a perfume of sulphur and nitre,
As he came at last to a bishop's mitre!
From top to toe the abbot shook,
As the fisherman armed his golden hook;
And awfully were his features wrought
By some dark dream or wakened thought.
Look how the fearful felon gazes
On the scaffold his country's vengeance raises,
When the lips are cracked and the jaws are dry
With the thirst which only in death shall die:
Mark the mariner's frenzied frown
As the swaling wherry settles down,
When peril has numbed the sense and will,
Though the hand and the foot may struggle still:
Wilder far was the abbot's glance,
Deeper far was the abbot's trance:

Fixed as a monument, still as air,
He bent no knee, and he breathed no prayer;
But he signed—he knew not why or how—
The sign of the Cross on his clammy brow.

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,
As he stalked away with his iron box.
"Oh, ho! Oh, ho!
The cock doth crow;
It is time for the fisher to rise and go.
Fair luck to the abbot, fair luck to the shrine!
He hath gnawed in twain my choicest line;
Let him swim to the north, let him swim to the south,
The abbot will carry my hook in his mouth!"

The abbot had preached for many years,
With as clear articulation
As ever was heard in the House of Peers
Against Emancipation;
His words had made battalions quake,
Had roused the zeal of martyrs;
He kept the court an hour awake,
And the king himself three quarters:
But ever, from that hour, 'tis said,
He stammered and he stuttered,
As if an axe went through his head
With every word he uttered.
He stuttered o'er blessing, he stuttered o'er ban,
He stuttered, drunk or dry;
And none but he and the fisherman
Could tell the reason why!

THE LEGEND OF THE HAUNTED TREE.

"Deep is the bliss of the belted knight,
When he kisses at dawn the silken glove,
And rides, in his glittering armor dight,
To shiver a lance for his Lady-love!

"Lightly he couches the beaming spear;
His mistress sits with her maidens by,
Watching the speed of his swift career,
With a whispered prayer and a murmured sigh.

"Far from me is the gazing throng,
The blazoned shield, and the nodding plume;
Nothing is mine but a worthless song,
A joyless life, and a nameless tomb."

"Nay, dearest Wilfrid, lay like this
On such an eve is much amiss:
Our mirth beneath the new May moon
Should be echoed by a livelier tune.
What need to thee of mail and crest,
Of foot in stirrup, spear in rest?
Over far mountains and deep seas,
Earth hath no fairer fields than these;

And who, in Beauty's gaudiest bowers,
Can love thee with more love than ours?"

The minstrel turned with a moody look
From that sweet scene of guiltless glee;
From the old who talked beside the brook,
And the young who danced beneath the tree:
Coldly he shrank from the gentle maid,
From the chiding look and the pleading tone;
And he passed from the old elm's hoary shade,
And followed the forest path alone.
One little sigh, one pettish glance,
And the girl comes back to her playmates now,
And takes her place in the merry dance,
With a slower step and a sadder brow.

"My soul is sick," saith the wayward boy,
"Of the peasant's grief, and the peasant's joy;
I cannot breathe on from day to day,
Like the insects which our wise men say
In the crevice of the cold rock dwell,
Till their shape is the shape of their dungeon's cell;
In the dull repose of our changeless life,
I long for passion, I long for strife,
As in the calm the mariner sighs
For rushing waves and groaning skies.
Oh for the lists, the lists of fame!
Oh for the herald's glad acclaim;
For floating pennon and prancing steed,
And Beauty's wonder at Manhood's deed!"

Beneath an ancient oak he lay;
More years than man can count, they say,
On the verge of the dim and solemn wood,
Through sunshine and storm, that oak had stood.
Many a loving, laughing sprite,
Tended the branches by day and by night;
And the leaves of its age were as fresh and as green
As the leaves of its early youth had been.
Pure of thought should the mortal be
Who sleeps beneath the Haunted Tree;
That night the minstrel laid him down
Ere his brow relaxed its sullen frown;
And Slumber had bound its eyelids fast,
Ere the evil wish from his soul had passed.
And a song on the sleeper's ear descended,
A song it was pain to hear, and pleasure,
So strangely wrath and love were blended
In every tone of the mystic measure.

"I know thee, child of earth;
The morning of thy birth
In through the lattice did my chariot glide;
I saw thy father weep
Over thy first wild sleep,
I rocked thy cradle when thy mother died.

"And I have seen thee gaze
Upon these birks and braes,
Which are my kingdoms, with irreverent scorn;
And heard thee pour reproof
Upon the vine-clad roof,
Beneath whose peaceful shelter thou wert born.

"I bind thee in the snare
Of thine unholy prayer;
I seal thy forehead with a viewless seal:
I give into thine hand
The buckler and the brand,
And clasp the golden spur upon thy heel.
"When thou hast made thee wise
In the sad lore of sighs,
When the world's visions fail thee and forsake,
Return, return to me,
And to my haunted tree;
The charm hath bound thee now; Sir Knight, awake!"

Sir Isumbras, in doubt and dread,
From his feverish sleep awoke,
And started up from his grassy bed
Under the ancient oak.
And he called the page who held his spear,
And, "Tell me, boy," quoth he,
"How long have I been slumbering here,
Beneath the greenwood tree?"—
"Ere thou didst sleep, I chanced to throw
A stone into the rill;
And the ripple that disturbed its flow
Is on its surface still;
Ere thou didst sleep, thou bad'st me sing
King Arthur's favorite lay;
And the first echo of the string
Has hardly died away."

"How strange is sleep!" the young knight said,
As he clasped the helm upon his head,

And, mounting again his courser black,
To his gloomy tower rode slowly back:
"How strange is sleep! when his dark spell lies
On the drowsy lids of human eyes,
The years of a life will float along
In the compass of a page's song.
Methought I lived in a pleasant vale,
The haunt of the lark and the nightingale,
Where the summer rose had a brighter hue,
And the noon-day sky a clearer blue,
And the spirit of man in age and youth
A fonder love, and a firmer truth.
And I lived on, a fair-haired boy,
In that sweet vale of tranquil joy;
Until at last my vain caprice
Grew weary of its bliss and peace.
And one there was, most dear and fair,
Of all that smiled around me there—
A gentle maid, with a cloudless face,
And a form so full of fairy grace;
Who, when I turned with scornful spleen
From the feast in the bower, or the dance on the green,
Would humor all my wayward will
And love me and forgive me still.
Even now, methinks, her smile of light
Is there before me, mild and bright;
And I hear her voice of fond reproof,
Between the beats of my palfrey's hoof.
'T is idle all: but I could weep;—
Alas!" said the knight, "how strange is sleep!"

He struck with his spear the brazen plate
That hung before the castle gate;
The torch threw high its waves of flame
As forth the watchful menials came;
They lighted the way to the banquet hall,
They hung the shield upon the wall,
They spread the board, and they filled the bowl,
And the phantoms passed from his troubled soul.

Sir Isumbras was ever found
Where blows were struck for glory;
There sate not at the Table Round
A knight more famed in story:
The king on his throne would turn about
To see his courser prancing;
And, when Sir Launcelot was out,
The queen would praise his dancing;
He quite wore out his father's spurs,
Performing valor's duties—
Destroying mighty sorcerers,
Avenging injured beauties,
And crossing many a trackless sand,
And rescuing people's daughters
From dragons that infest the land,
And whales that walk the waters.
He throttled lions by the score,
And giants by the dozen;
And, for his skill in lettered lore,
They called him "Merlin's Cousin."

A score of steeds, with bit and rein,
Stood ready in his stable;
An ox was every morning slain,
And roasted for his table.
And he had friends, all brave and tall,
And crowned with praise and laurel,
Who kindly feasted in his hall,
And tilted in his quarrel;
And minstrels came and sang his fame
In very rugged verses;
And they were paid with wine and game,
And rings, and cups, and purses.

And he loved a Lady of high degree,
Faith's fortress, Beauty's flower;
A countess for her maid had she,
And a kingdom for her dower;
And a brow whose frowns were vastly grand,
And an eye of sunlit brightness,
And a swan-like neck, and an arm and hand
Of most bewitching whiteness;
And a voice of music, whose sweet tones
Could most divinely prattle
Of battered casques, and broken bones,
And all the bliss of battle.
He wore her scarf in many a fray,
He trained her hawks and ponies,
And filled her kitchen every day
With leverets and conies;

He loved, and he was loved again :—
I won't waste time in proving,
There is no pleasure like the pain
Of being loved, and loving.

Dame Fortune is a fickle gipsy,
And always blind, and often tipsy;
Sometimes, for years and years together,
She'll bless you with the sunniest weather,
Bestowing honor, pudding, pence,
You can't imagine why or whence;—
Then in a moment—Presto, Pass!—
Your joys are withered like the grass;
You find your constitution vanish,
Almost as quickly as the Spanish;
The murrain spoils your flocks and fleeces;
The dry-rot pulls your house to pieces;
Your garden raises only weeds;
Your agent steals your title-deeds;
Your banker's failure stuns the city;
Your father's will makes Sugden witty;
Your daughter, in her beauty's bloom,
Goes off to Gretna with the groom;
And you, good man, are left alone,
To battle with the gout and stone.

Ere long, Sir Isumbras began
To be a sad and thoughtful man:
They said the glance of an evil eye
Had been on the knight's prosperity:

Less swift on the quarry his falcon went,
Less true was his hound on the wild deer's scent,
And thrice in the list he came to the earth,
By the luckless chance of a broken girth.
And Poverty soon in her rags was seen
At the board where Plenty erst had been;
And the guests smiled not as they smiled before,
And the song of the minstrel was heard no more;
And a base ingrate, who was his foe,
Because, a little month ago,
He had cut him down, with friendly ardor,
From a rusty hook in an Ogre's larder,
Invented an atrocious fable,
And libelled his fame at the Royal Table:
And she at last, the worshipped one,
For whom his valorous deeds were done,
Who had heard his vows, and worn his jewels,
And made him fight so many duels—
She, too, when Fate's relentless wheel
Deprived him of the Privy Seal,
Bestowed her smiles upon another,
And gave his letters to her mother.
Fortune and Fame—he had seen them depart,
With a silent pride of a valiant heart:
Traitorous friends—he had passed them by,
With a haughty brow and a stifled sigh.
Boundless and black might roll the sea,
O'er which the course of his bark must be;
But he saw, thro' the storms that frowned above,
One guiding star, and its light was Love.

Now all was dark; the doom was spoken!
His wealth all spent, and his heart half-broken;
Poor youth! he had no earthly hope,
Except in laudanum, or a rope.

He ordered out his horse, and tried,
As the Leech advised, a gentle ride.
A pleasant path he took,
Where the turf, all bright with the April showers,
Was spangled with a hundred flowers,
Beside a murmuring brook.
Never before had he roved that way;
And now, on a sunny first of May,
He chose the turning, you may guess,
Not for the laughing loveliness
Of turf, or flower, or stream; but only
Because it looked extremely lonely.

He had wandered, musing, scarce a mile,
In his melancholy mood,
When, peeping o'er a rustic stile,
He saw a little village smile,
Embowered in thick wood.
There were small cottages, arrayed
In the delicate jasmine's fragrant shade;
And gardens, whence the rose's bloom
Loaded the gale with rich perfume;
And there were happy hearts; for all
In that bright nook kept festival,
And welcomed in the merry May,
With banquet and with roundelay.

Sir Isumbras sate gazing there,
With folded arms, and mournful air;
He fancied—'twas an idle whim—
That the village looked like a home to him.

And now a gentle maiden came,
Leaving her sisters and their game,
And wandered up the vale;
Sir Isumbras had never seen
A thing so fair—except the Queen;—
But out on Passion's doubts and fears!
Her beautiful eyes were full of tears,
And her cheeks were wan and pale.
None courted her stay of the joyous throng,
As she passed from the group alone;
And he listened, which was very wrong,
And heard her singing a lively song,
In a very dismal tone:

"Deep is the bliss of the belted knight,
When he kisses at dawn the silken glove,
And goes, in his glittering armor dight,
To shiver a lance for his Lady-love!"

That thrilling voice, so soft and clear—
Was it familiar to his ear?
And those delicious drooping eyes,
As blue and as pure as the summer skies—
Had he, indeed, in other days,
Been blessed in the light of their holy rays?

He knew not; but his knee he bent
Before her in most knightly fashion,
And grew superbly eloquent
About her beauty, and his passion.
He said that she was very fair,
And that she warbled like a linnet;
And that he loved her, though he ne'er
Had looked upon her till that minute.
He grieved to mention that a Jew
Had seized for debt his grand pavilion;
And he had little now, 'twas true,
To offer, but a heart and pillion:
But what was wealth? In many a fight—
Though he, who shouldn't say it, said it—
He still had borne him like a knight,
And had his share of blows and credit;
And if she would but condescend
To meet him at the Priest's to-morrow,
And be henceforth his guide, his friend,
In every toil, in every sorrow,
They'd sail instanter from the Downs;
His hands just now were quite at leisure;
And, if she fancied foreign crowns,
He'd win them with the greatest pleasure.

"A year is gone"—the damsel sighed,
But blushed not, as she so replied—
"Since one I loved—alas! how well
He knew not, knows not—left our dell.
Time brings to his deserted cot
No tidings of his after lot;

But his wail or wo is still the theme
Of my daily thought and my nightly dream.
Poor Alice is not proud or coy;
But her heart is with her minstrel boy."

Away from his arms the damsel bounded,
And left him more and more confounded.
He mused of the present, he mused of the past,
And he felt that a spell was o'er him cast;
He shed hot tears, he knew not why,
And talked to himself and made reply,
Till a calm o'er his troubled senses crept,
And, as the daylight waned, he slept.
Poor gentleman!—I need not say,
Beneath an ancient oak he lay.

"He is welcome,"—o'er his bed,
Thus the beauteous Fairy said:
"He has conned the lesson now,
He has read the book of pain:
There are furrows on his brow,
I must make it smooth again.

"Lo, I knock the spurs away;
Lo, I loosen belt and brand;
Hark! I hear the courser neigh
For his stall in Fairy-land.

"Bring the cap, and bring the vest,
Buckle on his sandal shoon;
Fetch his memory from the chest
In the treasury of the Moon.

"I have taught him to be wise,
For a little maiden's sake;—
Look, he opens his bright eyes,
Softly, slowly:—minstrel, wake!"

The sun has risen, and Wilfrid is come
To his early friends and his cottage home.
His hazel eyes and his locks of gold
Are just as they were in the time of old:
But a blessing has been on the soul within,
For that is won from his secret sin;
More loving now, and worthier love
Of men below and of saints above.
He reins a steed with a lordly air,
Which makes his country cousins stare:
And he speaks in a strange and courtly phrase,
Though his voice is the voice of other days:
But where he has learned to talk and ride,
He will tell to none but his bonny bride.

THE TROUBADOUR.

Le Troubadour
Brulant d'amour.

French Ballad.

CANTO I.

In sooth it was a glorious day
For vassal and for lord,
When Cœur de Lion had the sway
In battle and at board.
He was indeed a royal one,
A Prince of Paladins;
Hero of triumph and of tun,
Of noisy fray and noisy fun,
Broad shoulders and broad grins.
You might have looked from east to west,
And then from north to south,
And never found an ampler breast,
Never an ampler mouth,
A softer tone for lady's ear,
A daintier lip for syrup,
Or a ruder grasp for axe and spear,
Or a firmer foot in stirrup.

A ponderous thing was Richard's can,
And so was Richard's boot,
And Saracens and liquor ran,
Where'er he set his foot.
So fiddling here, and fighting there,
And murdering time and tune,
With sturdy limb, and listless air,
And gauntleted hand, and jeweled hair,
Half monarch, half buffoon,
He turned away from feast to fray,
From quarreling to quaffing,
So great in prowess and in pranks,
So fierce and funny in the ranks,
That Saladin and Soldan said,
Whene'er that mad-cap Richard led,
Alla! he held his breath for dread,
And burst his sides for laughing!

At court, the humor of a king
Is always voted "quite the thing;"
Morals and cloaks are loose or laced
According to the Sovereign's taste,
And belles and banquets both are drest
Just as his majesty thinks best.
Of course in that delightful age,
When Richard ruled the roast,
Cracking of craniums was the rage,
And beauty was the toast.
Ay! all was laugh, and life, and love;
And lips and shrines were kiss'd;
And vows were ventured in the grove,
And lances in the list;

And boys roamed out in sunny weather
To weave a wreath and rhyme together:
While dames, in silence, and in satin,
Lay listening to the soft French-Latin,
And flung their sashes and their sighs
From odor-breathing balconies.

From those bright days of love and glory,
I take the hero of my story.
A wandering Troubadour was he;
He bore a name of high degree,
And learned betimes to slay and sue,
As knights of high degree should do.
While vigor nerved his buoyant arm,
And youth was his to cheat and charm,
Being immensely fond of dancing,
And somewhat given to romancing,
He roamed about through towers and towns,
Apostrophizing smiles and frowns,
Singing sweet staves to beads and bonnets,
And dying, day by day, in sonnets.
Flippant and fair, and fool enough,
And careless where he met rebuff,
Poco-curante in all cases
Of furious foes, or pretty faces,
With laughing lip, and jocund eye,
And studied tear, and practised sigh,
And ready sword, and ready verse,
And store of ducats in his purse,
He sinned few crimes, loved many times,
And wrote a hundred thousand rhymes!

Summers twice eight had passed away,
Since in his nurse's arms he lay,
A rosy roaring child,
While all around was noisy mirth,
And logs blazed up upon the hearth,
And bonfires on the wild;
And vassals drank the brown bowl dry,
And cousins knew "the mother's eye,"
And wrinkled crones spoke prophecy,
And his brave father smiled.
Summers twice eight had passed away;
His sire's thin locks grew very gray;
He lost his song, and then his shout,
And seldom saw his bottle out.
Then all the menials straight began
To sorrow for "the poor old man,"
Took thought about his shirts and shoe-ties,
And pestered him with loves and duties:
Young Roger laced a crimson row
Of cushions on his saddle-bow;
Red Wyke at Christmas mingled up
More sugar in the wassail-cup;
Fair Margaret laid finer sheets;
Fat Catharine served richer sweets;
And all, from scullion up to squire,
Who stirred his cup or kitchen fire,
Seemed by their doings to determine
The knight should ne'er be food for vermin.
All would not do; the knight grew thinner,
And loved his bed, and loathed his dinner;

And when he muttered—"Becket—beast,
Bring me the posset—and a priest,"
Becket looked grave, and said "good lack!"
And went to ask the price of black.

Masses and medicines both were bought,
Masses and medicines both were naught;
Sir Hubert's race was run;
As best beseemed a warrior tall,
He died within his ancient hall:
And he was blest by Father Paul,
And buried by his son.
'Twere long to tell the motley gear,
That waited on Sir Hubert's bier;
For twenty good miles round,
Maiden and matron, knave and knight,
All rode or ran to see the sight;
Yeomen with horse and hound,
Gossips in grief and grogram clad,
Young warriors galloping like mad,
Priors and peddlers, pigs and pyxes,
Cooks, choristers, and crucifixes,
Wild urchins cutting jokes and capers,
And taper shapes, and shapely tapers.
The mighty barons of the land
Brought pain in heart, and four-in-hand;
And village maids, with looks of wo,
Turned out their mourning, and their toe.
The bell was rung, the hymn was sung,
On the oak chest the dust was flung;

And then, beneath the chapel-stones,
With a gilt 'scutcheon o'er his bones,
Escaped from feather-beds and fidget,
Sir Hubert slept with Lady Bridget.

The mob departed: cold and cloud
Shed on the vault their icy shroud,
And night came dark and dreary;
But there young Vidal lingered still,
And kept his fast and wept his fill,
Though the wind in the chapel was very chill,
And Vidal very weary.
Low moaned the bell; the torch-light fell
In fitful and faint flashes;
And he lay on the stones, where his father's bones
Were mouldering now to ashes;
And vowed to be, on earth and sea,
Whatever stars shone o'er him,
A trusty knight, in love and fight,
As his father had been before him.
Then in the silence of the night
Passionate grief was his delight;
He thought of all the brave and fair
Who slept their shadowy slumber there;
And that sweet dotage held him long,
Ere sorrow found her voice in song.

It was an ancient thing; a song
His heart had sung in other years,
When boyhood had its idle throng
Of guiltless smiles, and guileless tears;

But never had its music seemed
So sweet to him, as when to-night
All lorn and lone, he kneeled and dreamed,
Before the taper's holy light,
Of many and mysterious things,
His cradle's early visitings,
The melancholy tones, that blest
The pillow of his sinless rest,
The melody, whose magic numbers
Broke in by snatches on his slumbers,
When earth appeared so brightly dim,
And all was bliss, and all for him,
And every sight and every sound
Had heaven's own day-light flowing round.

"My mother's grave, my mother's grave!
Oh! dreamless in her slumber there,
And drowsily the banners wave
O'er her that was so chaste and fair;
Yea! love is dead, and memory faded!
But when the dew is on the brake,
And silence sleeps on earth and sea,
And mourners weep, and ghosts awake,
Oh! then she cometh back to me,
In her cold beauty darkly shaded!

"I cannot guess her face or form;
But what to me is form or face?
I do not ask the weary worm
To give me back each buried grace

Of glistening eyes, or trailing tresses!
I only feel that she is here,
And that we meet, and that we part;
And that I drink within mine ear,
And that I clasp around my heart,
Her sweet still voice, and soft caresses!

"Not in the waking thought by day,
Not in the sightless dream by night,
Do the mild tones and glances play,
Of her who was my cradle's light!
But in some twilight of calm weather,
She glides, by fancy dimly wrought,
A glittering cloud, a darkling beam,
With all the quiet of a thought,
And all the passion of a dream,
Linked in a golden spell together!"

Oh! Vidal's very soul did weep
Whene'er that music, like a charm,
Brought back from their unlistening sleep
The kissing lip and clasping arm.
But quiet tears are worth, to some,
The richest smiles in Christendom;
And Vidal, though in folly's ring
He seemed so weak and wild a thing,
Had yet an hour, when none were by,
For reason's thought, and passion's sigh.
And knew and felt, in heart and brain,
The Paradise of buried pain!

And Vidal rose at break of day,
  And found his heart unbroken;
And told his beads, and went away,
  On a steed he had bespoken;
His bonnet he drew his eyelids o'er,
  For tears were like to blind him;
And he spurred Sir Guy o'er mount and moor,
With a long dull journey all before,
  And a short gay squire behind him.
And the neighborhood much marvel had;
  And all who saw did say,
The weather and the roads were bad,
And either Vidal had run mad,
  Or Guy had run away!
Oh! when a cheek is to be dried,
  All pharmacy is folly;
And Vidal knew, for he had tried,
There's nothing like a rattling ride
  For curing melancholy!
Three days he rode all mad and mute;
  And when the sun did pass,
Three nights he supp'd upon dry fruit,
  And slept upon wet grass.
Beneath an oak, whose hundred years
Had formed fit shade for talk or tears,
On the fourth day he lay at noon,
And put his gilt guitar in tune;
  When suddenly swept by,
In gold and silver all arrayed,
A most resplendent cavalcade;

Baron and Beauty, Knave and Knight,
And lips of love, and eyes of light,
All blended dazzlingly.
Ah! all the world that day came out,
With horse and horn, and song and shout;
And belles and bouquets gayly bloomed,
And all were proud, and all perfumed,
And gallants, as the humor rose,
Talked any nonsense that they chose,
And damsel gave the reins for fun
Alike to palfrey and to pun.
It chanced no lady had been thrown,
No heir had cracked his collar-bone,
So pleasure laughed on every cheek,
And naught, save saddles, dreamed of pique.
And brightest of that brilliant train,
With jeweled bit, and gilded rein,
And pommel clothed in gorgeous netting,
And courser daintily curvetting,
Girt round with gallant Cavaliers,
Some deep in love, and some in years,
Half exquisites and half absurds,
All babbling of their beasts and birds,
Quite tired of trumpeting and talking,
The Baroness returned from hawking.

The lady halted; well she might;
For Vidal was so fair,
You would have thought some god of light
Had walked to take the air;

Bare were both his delicate hands,
And the hue on his cheek was high,
As woman's when she understands
Her first fond lover's sigh;
And desolate very, and very dumb,
And rolling his eyes of blue,
And rubbing his forehead, and biting his thumb,
As lyrists and lovers do.
Like Queen Titania's darling pet,
Or Oberon's wickedest elf,
Lay beside a rivulet,
And looked beside himself;
And belles full blown, and beaux full drest,
Stood there with smirk and smile,
And many a finger, and many a jest,
Were pointed all the while.

Then Vidal came, and bent his knees
Before the lady there,
And raised his bonnet, that the breeze
Might trifle with his hair;
And said, he was a nameless youth,
Had learned betimes to tell the truth,
Could greet a friend, and grasp a foe,
Could take a jest, and give a blow,
Had no idea of false pretences,
Had lost his father, and his senses,
Was travelling over land and sea,
Armed with guitar and gallantry;
And if her will found aught of pleasure
In trifling soul, and tinkling measure,

He prayed that she would call her own
His every thought, and every tone.

"Bonne grace, good Mary, and sweet St. John!"
That haughty dame did say;
"A goodly quarry I have won,
In this our sport to-day!
A precious page is this of mine,
To carve my meat and pour my wine,
To loose my greyhound's ringing chain,
And hold my palfrey's gaudy rein,
And tell strange tales of moody sprites,
Around the hearth, on winter nights.
Marry! a wilful look, and wild!
But we shall tame the wayward child,
And dress his roving locks demurely,
And tie his jesses on securely."

She took from out her garment's fold
A dazzling gaud of twisted gold;
She raised him from his knee;
The diamond cross she gravely kiss'd,
And twined the links around his wrist
With such fine witchery,
That there he kneeled, and met her glance
In silence and a moveless trance,
And saw no sight, and heard no sound,
And knew himself more firmly bound
Than if a hundred weight of steel
Had fettered him from head to heel!

And from that moment Vidal gave
  His childish fancy up,
Became her most peculiar slave,
And wore her scarf, and whipped her knave,
  And filled her silver cup.
She was a widow: on this earth
It seemed her only task was mirth;
She had no nerves and no sensations,
No troubling friends nor poor relations;
No gnawing grief to feel a care for,
No living soul to breathe a prayer for.
Ten years ago her lord and master
Had chanced upon a sad disaster;
One night his servants found him lying
Speechless or senseless, dead or dying,
With shivered sword and dabbled crest,
And a small poniard in his breast,
And nothing further to supply
The slightest hint of how or why.
As usual, in such horrid cases,
The men made oath, the maids made faces;
All thought it most immensely funny
The murderer should have left the money,
And showed suspicions in dumb crambo,
And buried him with fear and flambeau.

Clotilda shrieked and swooned, of course,
Grew very ill, and very hoarse,
Put on a veil, put off a rout,
Turned all her cooks and courtiers out,

And lived two years on water-gruel,
And drank no wine, and used no fuel.
At last, when all the world had seen
How very virtuous she had been,
She left her chamber, dried her tears,
Kept open house for Cavaliers,
New furnished all the cob-webbed rooms,
And burned a fortune in perfumes.
She had seen six-and-thirty springs,
And still her blood's warm wanderings
Told tales in every throbbing vein
Of youth's high hope, and passion's reign,
And dreams from which that lady's heart
Had parted, or had seemed to part.
She had no wiles from cunning France,
Too cold to sing, too tall to dance;
But yet, where'er her footsteps went,
She was the Queen of Merriment:
She called the quickest at the table,
For Courcy's song, or Comine's fable,
Bade Barons quarrel for her glove,
And talked with Squires of ladie-love,
And hawked and hunted in all weathers,
And stood six feet—including feathers.

Her suitors, men of swords and banners,
Were very guarded in their manners,
And e'en when heated by the jorum
Knew the strict limits of decorum.
Well had Clotilda learned the glance
That checks a lover's first advance;

That brow to her was given
That chills presumption in its birth,
And mars the madness of our mirth,
And wakes the reptile of the earth
From the vision he hath of Heaven.
And yet for Vidal she could find
No word or look that was not kind,
With him she walked in shine or shower,
And quite forgot the dinner hour,
And gazed upon him, till he smiled,
As doth a mother on a child.
Oh! when was dream so purely dreamed!
A mother and a child they seemed:
In warmer guise he loved her not;—
And if, beneath the stars and moon,
He lingered in some lonely spot
To play her fond and favorite tune,
And if he fed her petted mare,
And made acquaintance with her bear,
And kissed her hand whene'er she gave it
And kneeled him down, sometimes, to crave it,
'Twas partly pride, and partly jest,
And partly 'twas a boyish whim,
And that he liked to see the rest
Look angrily on her and him.
And that—in short he was a boy,
And doted on his last new toy.

It chanced that late, one summer's gloaming,
The lady and the youth were roaming,

In converse close of those and these,
Beneath a long arcade of trees;
Tall trunks stood up on left and right,
Like columns in the gloom of night,
Breezeless and voiceless; and on high,
  Where those eternal pillars ended,
  The silent boughs so closely blended
Their mirk, unstirring majesty,
That superstition well might run,
To wander there from twelve to one,
And call strange shapes from heaven or hell,
Of cowl and candle, book and bell,
And kneel as in the vaulted aisle
Of some time-honored Gothic pile,
To pay her weary worship there
Of counted beads, and pattered prayer.

Clotilda had, for once, the vapors,
And when the stars lit up their tapers,
She said that she was very weary—
She liked the place, it was so dreary—
The dew was down on grass and flower,
  'Twas very wet—'twas very wrong—
But she *must* rest for half an hour,
  And listen to another song.

Then many a tale did Vidal tell
Of warrior's spear, and wizard's spell;
How that Sir Brian le Bleu had been
Cup-bearer to a fairy queen;

And how that a hundred years did pass,
And left his brow as smooth as glass;
Time on his form marked no decay,
He stole not a single charm away,
He could not blight
That eye of light,
Nor turn those raven ringlets gray.

But Brian's love for a mortal maid,
Was written and read in a magic sign,
When Brian slipped on the moonlight glade,
And spilled the fairy's odorous wine;
And she dipped her fingers in the can,
And sprinkled him with seven sprinkles,
And he went from her presence a weary man,
A withering lump of rheum and wrinkles.

And how that Satan made a bond
With Armonell of Trebizond—
A bond that was written at first in tears,
And torn at last in laughter—
To be his slave for a thousand years,
And his sovereign ever after.

And oh! those years, they fleeted fast,
And a single year remained at last,
A year for crouching and for crying,
Between his frolic and his frying.

"Toil yet another toil," quoth he,
"Or else thy prey I will not be,

Come hither, come hither, servant mine,
And call me back
The faded track
Of years nine hundred and ninety-nine!"
And Satan hied to his home again
On the wings of a blasting hurricane,
And left old Armonell to die,
And sleep in the odor of sanctity.

In mockery of the Minstrel's skill
The Lady's brow grew darker still;
She trembled as she lay,
And o'er her face, like fitful flame,
The feverish color went and came,
And, in the pauses of the tune,
Her black eyes stared upon the moon
With an unearthly ray.

"Good Vidal,"—as she spoke she leant
So wildly o'er the instrument
That wondering Vidal started back,
For fear the strings should go to wrack—
"Good Vidal, I have read and heard
Of many a haunted heath and dell,
Where potency of wand or word,
Or chanted rhyme, or written spell,
Hath burst, in such an hour as this,
The cerements of the rotting tomb,
And waked from wo, or torn from bliss,
The heritors of chill and gloom,

Until they walked upon the earth,
Unshrouded, in a ghastly mirth,
And frightened men with soundless cries,
And hueless cheeks, and rayless eyes.
Such power there is!—if such be thine,
Why, make to-night that sound or sign;
And while the vapory sky looks mirk
In horror at our midnight work,
We two will sit on two green knolls,
And jest with unembodied souls,
And mock at every moody sprite
That wanders from his bed to-night."

The boy jumped up in vast surprise,
And rubbed his forehead and his eyes,
And quite unable to reflect,
Made answer much to this effect:
"Lady!—the saints befriend a sinner!
Lady!—she drank too much at dinner!
I know a rhyme, and—ghosts forsooth!
I used to sing it in my youth;
'Twas taught me—curse my foolish vanity!
By an old wizard—stark insanity!
Who came from Tunis—'tis the hock!
At a great age and—twelve o'clock!
He wore—oh, Lord!—a painted girdle,
For which they burnt him on a hurdle;
He had a charm, but—what the deuce!
It wasn't of the slightest use;
There's not a single ghost that cares
For—mercy on me! how she stares!"

And then again he sate him down,
For fiercer fell Clotilda's frown,
And played, abominably ill,
And horribly against his will.

"Spirits, that walk and wail to-night,
I feel, I feel that ye are near;
There is a mist upon my sight,
There is a murmur in mine ear.
And a dark, dark dread
Of the lonely dead,
Creeps through the whispering atmosphere!

"Ye hover o'er the hoary trees,
And the old oaks stand bereft and bare;
Ye hover o'er the moonlight seas,
And the tall masts rot in the poisoned air;
Ye gaze on the gate
Of earthly state,
And the ban-dog shivers in silence there.

"Come hither to me upon your cloud,
And tell me of your bliss or pain,
And let me see your shadowy shroud,
And colorless lip, and bloodless vein;
Where do ye dwell,
In heaven or hell,
And why do ye wander on earth again?

"Tell to me where and how ye died,
Fell ye in darkness, or fell ye in day,
On lorn hill-side, or roaring tide,
In gorgeous feast, or rushing fray?
By bowl or blow,
From friend or foe,
Hurried your angry souls away?

"Mute ye come, and mute ye pass,
Your tale untold, your shrift unshriven;
But ye have blighted the pale grass,
And scared the ghastly stars from heaven;
And guilt hath known
Your voiceless moan,
And felt that the blood is unforgiven!"

He paused; for silently and slow
The lady left his side;
It seemed her blood had ceased to flow,
For her cheek was as white as the morning snow,
And the light of her eyes had died.
She gazed upon some form of fright—
But it was not seen of Vidal's sight;
She drank some sound of hate or fear—
But it was not heard of Vidal's ear;
"Look! look!" she said; and Vidal spoke—
"Why! zounds! it's nothing but an oak!"

"Valence!" she muttered, "I will rise;
Ay! turn not those dead orbs on mine;
Fearless to-night are these worn eyes,
And nerveless is that arm of thine.

Thrice hast thou fleeted o'er my path;
And I would hear thy dull lips say,
Is it in sorrow, or in wrath,
That thou dost haunt my lonely way?
Ay! frown not! heaven may blast me now,
In this dark hour, in this cold spot;
And then—I can but be as thou,
And hate thee still, and fear thee not!"
She strode two steps, and stretched her hand,
In attitude of stern command;
The tremor of her voice and tread
Had more of passion than of dread,
The net had parted from her hair,
The locks fell down in the powerless air,
Her frame with strange convulsion rocked—
And Vidal was intensely shocked.
The lady drew a long low sigh,
As if some voice had made reply,
Though Vidal could not catch a word,
And thought it horribly absurd.
"Remember it?—avenging power!
I ask no word, I need no sign,
To teach me of that withering hour,
That linked this wasted hand in thine!
He was not there!—I deemed him slain—
And thine the guilt—and mine the pain!
There are memorials of that day
Which time shall never blot away,
Unheeded prayer, unpardoned sin,
And smiles without, and flames within,

And broken heart, and ruined fame,
And glutted hate, and dreaded shame,
And late remorse, and dreams, and fears,
And bitter and enduring tears!"

She listened there another space,
And stirred no feature of her face,
Though big drops, ere she spoke again,
Fell from her clammy brow like rain:
At last she glanced a wilder stare,
And stamped her foot, and tore her hair.
"False fiend! thou liest, thou hast lied!
He was, what thou couldst never be—
In anguish true, in danger tried—
Their friend to all—my god to me!
He loved—as thou couldst never love—
Long years—and not, till then, in guilt;
Nay! point not to the wailing grove,
I know by whom the blood was spilt,
I saw the tomb, and heard the knell
And life to me was lorn and blighted,
He died—and vengeance watches well!
He died—and thou wert well requited!"

Again she listened:—full five score
You might have counted duly o'er—
And then she laughed; so fierce and shrill
That laughter echoed o'er the hill,
That Vidal deemed the very ground
Did shake at its unearthly sound.

"I do not tremble! be it so!—
Or here or there! in bliss or wo!—
Yea! let it be! and we will meet,
Where never——" and at Vidal's feet
She sank, as senseless and as cold
As if her death were two days old;
And Vidal, who an hour before
Had voted it a horrid bore,
His silken sash with speed unlaced,
And bound it round her neck and waist,
And bore her to her castle-gate,
And never stopped to rest or bait,
Speeding as swiftly on his track
As if nine fiends were at his back.

Then rose from fifty furious lungs
A Babel of discordant tongues:
"Jesu! the Baroness is dead!—
Shouldn't her Ladyship be bled?—
Her fingers are as cold as stone!—
And look how white her lips are grown!
A dreadful thing for all who love her!
'Tis ten to one she won't recover!—
Ten?—did you ever, Mrs. Anne?
Ten rogues against one honest man!—
How master Vidal must have fought!
It's what I never should have thought;
He seems the sickliest thing alive;—
They say he killed and wounded five!—
Is master Vidal killed and wounded?
I trust the story is unfounded!—

I saw him on his legs just now,—
What! sawed his legs off? well, I vow—
Peace, babbler, peace! you see you've shocked her!
Help! ho!—cold water for the Doctor!
Her eyes are open!—how they blink!
Why, Doctor, do you really think,——
My Lord, we never think at all;
I'll trouble you to clear the Hall,
And check all tendency to riot,
And keep the Castle very quiet;
Let none but little Bertha stay;
And—try to keep the Friar away!"
Poor Vidal, who, amid the rout,
Had crept in cautious silence out,
Reeled to his chamber in the staggers,
And thought of home, and dreamed of daggers.

Day dawned: the Baroness was able
To beam upon the breakfast table,
As well as could be well expected,
Before the guests were half collected.
"A fainting fit;—a thing of course;—
In sooth it might have ended worse;
Exceedingly obliged to Vidal;—
Pray, had the groom repaired her bridle?
She walked too late;—it was a warning;
And—who was for the chase this morning?"

Days past, and weeks: Clotilda's mien
Was gay as it before had been,

And only once or twice her glance
Fell darkly on his countenance,
And gazed into his eyes of blue,
As if she read his young heart through:
At length she mildly hinted—"Surely
Vidal was looking very poorly—
He never talked—had parted quite
With spirits, and with appetite—
She thought he wanted change of air,
It was a shame to keep him there—
She had remarked the change with sorrow,
And——well, he should set out to-morrow."

The morrow came, 't was glorious weather,
And all the household flocked together
To hold his stirrup and his rein,
And say, "Heaven speed!" with might and main.
Clotilda only said "Farewell!"
And gave her hand to kiss and clasp;
He thought it trembled, as it fell
In silence from his lip and grasp,
And yet upon her cheek and brow
There dwelt no flush of passion now;
Only the kind regret was there
Which severed friends at parting wear,
And the sad smile and glistening eye
Seemed naught to shun, and naught defy.

"Farewell!" she said, and so departed;
And Vidal from his reverie started,
And blessed his soul, and cleared his throat,
And crossed his forehead—and the moat.

CANTO II.

All milliners who start from bed
To gaze upon a coat of red,
  Or listen to a drum,
Know very well the Paphian Queen
Was never yet at Paphos seen,
  That Cupid's all a hum,
That minstrels forge confounded lies,
About the Deities and skies,
That torches all go out sometimes,
That flowers all fade except in rhymes,
That maids are seldom shot with arrows,
And coaches never drawn by sparrows.

And yet, fair cousin, do not deem
  That all is false which poets tell
Of Passion's first and dearest dream,
  Of haunted spot, and silent spell,
Of long low musing, such as suits
  The terrace on your own dark hill,
Of whispers which are sweet as lutes,
  And silence which is sweeter still;
Believe, believe—for May shall pass,
  And summer sun and winter shower
Shall dim the freshness of the grass,
  And mar the fragrance of the flower—
Believe it all, whate'er you hear
  Of plighted vow, and treasured token,
And hues which only once appear,
  And words which only once are spoken,

And prayers whose natural voice is song,
  And schemes that die in wild endeavor,
And tears so pleasant, you will long
  To weep such pleasant tears for ever.
Believe it all, believe it all!
  Oh! Virtue's frown is all divine;
And Folly hides his happy thrall
  In sneers as cold and false as mine;
And Reason prates of wrong and right,
  And marvels hearts can break or bleed,
And flings on all that's warm and bright
  The winter of his icy creed;
But when the soul has ceased to glow,
  And years and cares are coming fast,
There's nothing like young love! no, no!
  There's nothing like young love at last!

The Convent of St. Ursula
Has been in a marvellous fright to-day;
The nuns are all in a terrible pother
Scolding and screaming at one another;
Two or three pale, and two or three red,
Two or three frightened to death in bed,
Two or three waging a wordy war
With the wide-eared Saints of the Calendar.
Beads and lies have both been told,
Tempers are hot, and dishes are cold;
Celandine rends her last new veil,
Leonore babbles of horns and tail;
Celandine proses of songs and slips,
Violette blushes and bites her lips:

Oh! what is the matter, the matter to-day,
With the Convent of St. Ursula?
But the Abbess has made the chiefest din,
And cried the loudest cry;
She has pinned her cap with a crooked pin,
And talked of Satan and talked of sin,
And set her coif awry;
And she can never quiet be;
But ever since the Matins,
In gallery and scullery,
And kitchen and refectory,
She tramps it in her pattens;
Oh! what is the matter, the matter to-day
With the Abbess of St. Ursula?

Thrice in the silence of eventime
A desperate foot has dared to climb
Over the Convent gate;
Thrice a venturous voice and lute
Have dared to wake their amorous suit,
Among the Convent flowers and fruit,
Abominably late:
And thrice, the beldames know it well,
From out the lattice of her cell,
To listen to that murmured measure
Of life, and love, and hope, and pleasure,
With throbbing heart and eyelid wet,
Hath leaned the novice Violette;
And oh! you may tell from her mournful gaze,
Her vision hath been of those dear days,

When happily o'er the quiet lawn,
Bright with the dew's most heavenly sprinkles,
She scared the pheasant, and chased the fawn,
Till a smile came o'er her father's wrinkles,
Or stood beside that water fair,
Where moonlight slept with a ray so tender,
That every star which glistened there,
Glistened, she thought, with a double splendor;
And oh! she loved the ripples' play,
As to her feet the truant rovers
Wandered and went with a laugh away,
Kissing but once, like wayward lovers.
And oh! she loved the night-wind's moan,
And the dreary watch-dog's lonely yelling,
And the sentinel's unchanging tone,
And the chapel chime so sadly knelling,
And the echoes from the Castle hall,
Of circling song and noisy gladness,
And, in some silent interval,
The nightingale's deep voice of sadness.
Alas! there comes a winter bleak
On the lightest joy, and the loveliest flower:
And the smiles have faded on Violette's cheek,
And the roses have withered in Violette's bower,
But now by the beautiful turf and tide
Poor Violette's heart in silence lingers;
And the thrilling tears of memory glide
Thro' the trembling veil and the quivering fingers.
Yet not for these, for these alone,
That innocent heart beats high to-day;

And not for these the stifled moan
Is breathed in such thick passionate tone,
That not the lips appear to pray.
But you may deem those murmurs start
Forth from the life-strings of the heart,
So wild and strange is that long sigh,
So full of bliss and agony!

She thinks of him, the lovely boy,
Sweet Vidal, with his face of joy—
The careless mate of all the glee
That shone upon her infancy—
The baby-lover, who had been
The sceptred King, where she was Queen,
On Childhood's dream-encircled strand,
The undisputed Fairy-land!
She thinks of him, she thinks of him,
The lord of every wicked whim,
Who dared Sir Prinsamour to battle,
And drove away De Clifford's cattle,
And sang an Ave at the feast,
And made wry faces at the Priest,
And ducked the Duchess in the sea,
And tore Sir Roland's pedigree.

She thinks of him—the forehead fair,
The ruddy lip, and glossy hair—
The mountains, where they roved together,
In life's most bright and witching weather—
The wreck they watched upon the coast—
The ruin where they saw the ghost—

The fairy tale he loved to tell—
The serenade he sang so well;
And then she turns and sees again
The naked wall, and grated pane,
And frequent winks and frequent frowns,
And 'broidered books, and 'broidered gowns,
And plaster saints and plaster patrons,
And three impracticable matrons.

She was a very pretty Nun:
Sad, delicate, and five feet one;
Her face was oval, and her eye
Looked like the Heaven in Italy,
Serenely blue, and softly bright,
Made up of languish and of light!
And her neck, except where the locks of brown,
Like a sweet summer mist, fell droopingly down,
Was as chill and as white as the snow, ere the earth
Has sullied the hue of its heavenly birth;
And through the blue veins you might see
The pure blood wander silently,
Like noiseless eddies, that far below
In the glistening depths of a calm lake flow:
Her cold hands on her bosom lay;
And her ivory crucifix, cold as they,
Was clasped in a fearful and fond caress,
As if she shrank from its holiness,
And felt that hers was the only guilt
For which no healing blood was spilt:
And tears were bursting all the while;
Yet now and then a vacant smile

Over her lips would come and go—
A very mockery of wo—
A brief, wan smile—a piteous token
Of a warm love crush'd, and a young heart broken!

"Marry come up!" said Celandine,
Whose nose was ruby red,
"From venomous cates and wicked wine
A deadly sin is bred.
Darkness and anti-phlogistic diet,
These will keep the pulses quiet;
Silence and solitude, bread and water—
So must we cure our erring daughter!"
I have dined at an Alderman's board,
I have drunk with a German lord,
But richer was Celandine's own paté
Than Sir William's soup on Christmas day,
And sweeter the flavor of Celandine's flask
Than the loveliest cup from a Rhenish cask!

"Saints keep us!" said old Winifrede,
"Saints keep and cure us all!
And let us hie to our book and bead,
Or sure the skies will fall!
Is she a Heathen or is she a Hindoo,
To talk with a silly boy out of the window?
Was ever such profaneness seen?
Pert minx!—and only just sixteen!"
I have talked with a fop who has fought twelve duels,
Six for an heiress, and six for her jewels;

I have prosed with a reckless bard, who rehearses
Every day a thousand verses;
But oh! more marvellous twenty times
Than the bully's lies, or the blockhead's rhymes,
Were the scurrilous tales, which Scandal told
Of Winifrede's loves in the days of old!

The Abbess lifted up her eye,
And laid her rosary down,
And sigh'd a melancholy sigh,
And frown'd an angry frown.
"There's a cell in the dark cold ground,
Where sinful passions wither:
Vapory dews lie damp around,
And merriment of sight or sound
Can work no passage thither:
Other scene is there, I trow,
Than suits a love-sick maiden's vow;
For a death-watch makes a weary tune,
And a glimmering lamp is a joyless moon,
And a couch of stone is a dismal rest,
And an aching heart is a bitter guest!
Maiden of the bosom light,
There shall thy dwelling be to-night;
Mourn and meditate, fast and pray,
And drive the evil one away.
Axe and cord were fitter doom,
Desolate grave and mouldering tomb;
But the merciful faith that speaks the sentence,
Joys in the dawn of a soul's repentance,

And the eyes may shed sweet tears for them,
Whom the hands chastise, and the lips condemn!"
I have set my foot on the hallowed spot,
Where the dungeon of trampled France is not;
I have heard men talk of Mr. Peel;
I have seen men walk on the Bixton wheel;
And 'twere better to feed on frogs and fears,
Guarded by griefs and grenadiers,
And 'twere better to tread all day and night,
With a rogue on the left, and a rogue on the right,
Than lend our persons or our purses
To that old lady's tender mercies!

"Ay! work your will!" the young girl said;
And as she spoke she raised her head,
And for a moment turned aside,
To check the tear she could not hide;——
"Ay! work your will! —I know you all,
Your holy aims and pious arts,
And how you love to fling a pall
On fading joys, and blighted hearts;
And if these quivering lips could tell
The story of our bliss and wo,
And how we loved—Oh! loved, as well
As ever mortals loved below—
And how in purity and truth
The flower of early joy was nurst,
Till sadness nipp'd its blushing youth,
And holy mummery call'd it curst——

You would but watch my sobs and sighs,
With shaking head, and silent sneers,
And deck with smiles those soulless eyes,
When mine should swell with bitter tears!
But work your will! Oh! life and limb
May wither in that house of dread,
Where horrid shapes and shadows dim
Walk nightly round the slumberer's head;
The sight may sink, the tongue may fail,
The shuddering spirit long for day,
And fear may make these features pale,
And turn these boasted ringlets gray;
But not for this, oh! not for this,
The heart will lose its dream of gladness;
And the fond thought of that last kiss
Will live in torture—yea! in madness!
And look! I will not fear or feel
The all your hate may dare or do;
And, if I ever pray and kneel,
I will not kneel and pray to you!"

If you had seen that tender cheek,
Those eyes of melting blue,
You would not have thought in a thing so weak,
Such a fiery spirit grew.
But the trees which summer's breezes shake,
Are shivered in winter's gale;
And a meek girl's heart will bear to break,
When a proud man's truth would fail.

Never a word she uttered more;
They have led her down the stair,
And left her on the dungeon floor,
To find repentance there;
And naught have they set beside her bed,
Within that chamber dull,
But a lonely lamp, and a loaf of bread,
A rosary and skull.
The breast is bold that grows not cold,
With a strong convulsive twinge,
As the slow door creeps to its sullen hold,
Upon its mouldering hinge.
That door was made by the cunning hand
Of an artist from a foreign land;
Human skill and heavenly thunder
Shall not win its wards asunder.
The chain is fix'd, and the bolt is fast,
And the kind old Abbess lingers last,
To mutter a prayer on her bended knee,
And clasp to her girdle the iron key.

But then, oh then began to run
Horrible whispers from nun to nun:
"Sister Amelia,"—"Sister Anne,"
"Do tell us how it all began;"
"The youth was a handsome youth, that's certain,
For Bertha peeped from behind the curtain:"
"As sure as I have human eyes,
It was the devil in disguise;

His hair hanging down like threads of wire—
And his mouth breathing smoke, like a haystack
on fire—
And the ground beneath his footstep rocking,"—
"Lord! Isabel, how very shocking!"
"Poor Violette! she was *so* merry;
I'm very sorry for her!—very!"
"Well! it was worth a silver tester,
To see how she frown'd when the Abbess bless'd
her;"—
"Was Father Anselm there to shrive?
For I'm sure she'll never come out alive!"
"Dear Elgitha, don't frighten us so!"
"It's just a hundred years ago,
Since Father Peter was put in the cell
For forgetting to ring the vesper bell;
Let us keep ourselves from mortal sin!
He went out as he went in!"
"No! and he lives there still, they say,
In his cloak of black, and his cowl of gray,
Weeping, and wailing, and walking about,
With an endless grief, and an endless gout,
And wiping his eyes with a kerchief of lawn,
And ringing his bell from dusk to dawn!"
"Let us pray to be saved from love and spectres!"—
"From the haunted cell!"—"and the abbess's lectures!"
The garish sun has gone away,
And taken with him the toils of day;
Foul ambition's hollow schemes,
Busy labor's golden dreams,

Angry strife, and cold debate,
Plodding care, and plotting hate.
But in the nunnery sleep is fled
From many a vigilant hand and head;
A watch is set of friars tall,
Jerome and Joseph, and Peter and Paul;
And the chattering girls are all lock'd up;
And the wrinkled old abbess is gone to sup
On mush-rooms and sweet muscadel,
In the fallen one's deserted cell.

And now 't is love's most lovely hour,
  And silence sits on earth and sky,
And moonlight flings on turf and tower
  A spell of deeper witchery;
And in the stillness and the shade
All things and colors seem to fade:
And the garden queen, the blushing rose,
Has bowed her head in a soft repose;
And weary zephyr is gone to rest
In the flow'ry grove he loves the best.
Nothing is heard but the long, long snore,
Solemn and sad, of the watchmen four,
And the voice of the rivulet rippling by,
And the nightingale's evening melody,
And the drowsy wing of the sleepless bat,
And the mew of the gard'ner's tortoise-shell cat.

Dear cousin! a harp like yours has power
Over the soul in every hour;

And after breakfast, when Sir G.
Has been discussing news and tea,
And eulogized his coals and logs,
And told the breeding of his dogs,
And hurl'd anathemas of pith
Against the sect of Adam Smith,
And handed o'er to endless shame
The voters for the sale of game,
'Tis sweet to fly from him and vapors,
And those interminable papers,
And waste an idle hour or two
With dear Rosini, and with you.

But those sweet sounds are doubly sweet,
In the still nights of June,
When song and silence seem to meet,
Beneath the quiet moon;
When not a single leaf is stirr'd,
By playful breeze or joyous bird,
And echo shrinks as if afraid
Of the faint murmur she has made.
Oh! then the spirit of music roves,
With a delicate step through the myrtle groves,
And still wherever he flits, he flings
A thousand charms from his purple wings.
And where is that discourteous wight,
Who would not linger through the night
Listening ever, lone and mute,
To the murmur of his mistress' lute,
And courting those bright phantasies,
Which haunt the dreams of waking eyes?

He came that night, the Troubadour,
While the four fat friars slept secure,
And gazed on the lamp that sweetly glisten'd,
Where he thought his mistress listen'd;
Low and clear the silver note
On the thrill'd air seem'd to float;
Such might be an angel's moan,
Half a whisper, half a tone.

"So glad a life was never, love,
As that which childhood leads,
Before it learns to sever, love,
The roses from the weeds:
When to be very duteous, love,
Is all it has to do;
And every flower is beauteous, love,
And every folly true.

"And you can still remember, love,
The buds, that decked our play,
Though destiny's December, love,
Has whirled those buds away:
And you can smile through tears, love,
And feel a joy in pain,
To think upon those years, love,
You may not see again.

"When we mimick'd the Friar's howls, love,
Cared nothing for his creeds,
Made bonnets of his cowls, love,
And bracelets of his beads;

And gray-beards looked not awful, love,
And grandames made no din,
And vows were not unlawful, love,
And kisses were no sin.

"And do you never dream, love,
Of that enchanted well,
Where under the moon-beam, love,
The Fairies wove their spell?
How oft we saw them greeting, love,
Beneath the blasted tree,
And heard their pale feet beating, love,
To their own minstrelsy!

"And do you never think, love,
Of the shallop, and the wave,
And the willow on the brink, love,
Over the poacher's grave?
Where always in the dark, love,
We heard a heavy sigh,
And the dogs were wont to bark, love,
Whenever they went by?

"Then gaily shone the Heaven, love,
On life's untroubled sea,
And Vidal's heart was given, love,
In happiness to thee;
The sea is all benighted, love,
The Heaven has ceased to shine;
The heart is seared and blighted, love,
But still the heart is thine!"

He paused and looked; he paused and sighed;
None appear'd, and none replied:
All was still but the water's wail,
And the tremulous voice of the nightingale,
And the insects buzzing among the briers,
And the nasal note of the four fat friars.

"Oh fly with me! 'tis passion's hour;
The world is gone to sleep;
And nothing wakes in brake or bower,
But those who love and weep:
This is the golden time and weather,
When songs and sighs go out together,
And minstrels pledge the rosy wine
To lutes like this, and lips like thine!

"Oh fly with me! my courser's flight
Is like the rushing breeze,
And the kind moon has said 'Good night!'
And sunk behind the trees:
The lover's voice—the loved one's ear—
There's nothing else to speak and hear;
And we will say, as on we glide,
That nothing lives on earth beside!

"Oh fly with me! and we will wing
Our white skiff o'er the waves,
And hear the Tritons revelling,
Among their coral caves;
The envious Mermaid, when we pass,
Shall cease her song, and drop her glass;

For it will break her very heart,
To see how fair and dear thou art.

"Oh fly with me! and we will dwell
Far over the green seas,
Where sadness rings no parting knell
For moments such as these!
Where Italy's unclouded skies
Look brightly down on brighter eyes,
Or where the wave-wed City smiles,
Enthroned upon her hundred isles.

"Oh fly with me! by these sweet strings
Swept o'er by Passion's fingers—
By all the rocks, and vales, and springs—
Where Memory lives and lingers—
By all the tongue can never tell—
By all the heart has told so well—
By all that has been or may be—
And by Love's self—Oh fly with me!"

He paused again—no sight or sound!
The still air rested all around;
He look'd to the tower, and he look'd to the tree,
Night was as still as Night could be;
Something he mutter'd of Prelate and Pope
And took from his mantle a silken rope;
Love dares much, and Love climbs well!
He stands by the Abbess in Violette's cell.

He put on a mask, and he put out the light;
The Abbess was dressed in a veil of white;

Not a look he gave, not a word he said;
The pages are ready, the blanket is spread;
He has clasped his arm her waist about,
And lifted the screaming Abbess out:
"My horse is fleet, and my hand is true,
And my Squire has a bow of deadly yew;
Away, and away, over mountain and moor!
Good luck to the love of the gay Troubadour!"

"What! rode away with the Abbess behind?
Lord! sister! is the Devil blind?"
"Full fourscore winters!"—"Fast and pray!
For the powers of darkness fight to-day!"
"I sha'nt get over the shock for a week!"—
"Did any one hear our Mother shriek?"—
"Do shut your mouth!"—"do shut the cell!"
"What a villanous, odious, sulphury smell!"
"Has the Evil One taken the Mass-book too?"
"Ah me! what will poor little Violette do?
She has but one loaf since seven o'clock;
And no one can open that horrible lock;
And Satan will grin with a fiendish glee,
When he finds the Abbess has kept the key!"
"How shall we manage to sleep to-night?"
"I wouldn't for worlds put out my light!"
"I'm sure I shall die if I hear but a mole stir!"
"I'll clap St. Ursula under my bolster!"

But oh! the pranks that Vidal played,
When he found what a bargain his blindness had made!

Wilful and wild—half in fun, half on fire,
He stared at the Abbess, and storm'd at the Squire!
Consigned to perdition all silly romancers,
Ask'd twenty strange questions, and staid for no answers,
Raving, and roaring, and laughing by fits,
And driving the old woman out of her wits.

There was a jousting at Chichester;
It had made in the country a mighty stir,
And all that was brave, and all that was fair,
And all that was neither, came trooping there;
Scarfs and scars, and frays and frowns,
And flow'ry speeches, and flow'ry crowns.
A hundred knights set spear in rest
For the lady they deemed the loveliest,
And Vidal broke a lance that day
For the Abbess of St. Ursula.

There was a feast at Arundel;
The town-clerk tolled a ponderous bell,
And nothing was there but row and rout,
And toil to get in, and toil to get out,
And Sheriffs fatter than their venison,
And Belles that never staid for benison.
The red, red wine was mantling there,
To the health of the fairest of the fair,
And Vidal drain'd the cup that day
To the Abbess of St. Ursula.
There was a wedding done at Bramber;
The town was full of myrrh and amber;

And the boors were roasting valorous beeves,
And the boys were gathering myrtle leaves,
And the bride was choosing her finest flounces,
And the bridegroom was scattering coin by ounces,
And every stripling danced on the green
With the girl he had made his idol queen;
And Vidal led the dance that day
With the Abbess of St. Ursula.

Three days had pass'd when the Abbess came back;
Her voice was out of tune,
And her new white veil was gone to wrack,
And so were her sandal shoon.
No word she said; they put her to bed,
With a pain in her heels, and a pain in her head,
And she talk'd in her delirious fever
Of a high-trotting horse, and black deceiver;
Of music and merriment, love and lances,
Bridles and blasphemy, dishes and dances.

They went with speed to the dungeon-door;
The air was chill and damp;
And the pale girl lay on the marble floor,
Beside the dying lamp.
They kissed her lips, they called her name,
No kiss returned, no answer came;
Motionless, lifeless, there she lay,
Like a statue rent from its base away!
They said by famine she had died:
Yet the bread untasted lay beside;

And her cheek was as full, and fresh, and fair,
As it had been when warmth was there,
And her eyes were unclosed, and their glassy rays
Were fixed in a desolate, dreamy gaze,
As if before their orbs had gone
Some sight they could not close upon;
And her bright brown locks all gray were grown;
And her hands were clenched, and cold as stone;
And the veins upon her neck and brow——
But she was dead!—what boots it how?

In holy ground she was not laid;
For she had died in sin,
And good St. Ursula forbade
That such should enter in;
But in a calm and cold retreat
They made her place of rest,
And laid her in her winding-sheet,
And left her there unblest;
And set a small stone at her head,
Under a spreading tree;
"*Orate*"—that was all it said—
"*Orate hic pro me!*"

And Vidal came at night, alone,
And tore his shining hair,
And laid him down beside the stone,
And wept till day-break there.

"Fare thee well, fare thee well,
Most beautiful of earthly things,

I will not bid thy spirit stay,
Nor link to earth those glittering wings,
That burst like light away!
I know that thou art gone to dwell
In the sunny home of the fresh-day beam,
Before decay's unpitying tread
Hath crept upon the dearest dream
That ever came and fled;
Fare thee well, fare thee well;
And go thy way, all pure and fair,
Into the starry firmament;
And wander there with the spirits of air,
As bright and innocent!

"Fare thee well, fare thee well!
Strange feet will be upon thy clay,
And never stop to sigh or sorrow;
Yet many wept for thee to-day,
And one will weep to-morrow:
Alas! that melancholy knell
Shall often wake my wondering ear,
And thou shalt greet me, for a while,
Too beautiful to make me fear,
Too sad to let me smile!
Fare thee well, fare thee well!
I know that heaven for thee is won;
And yet I feel I would resign
Whole ages of my life, for one—
One little hour, of thine!

"Fare thee well, fare thee well!
See, I have been to the sweetest bowers,
And culled from garden and from heath
The tenderest of all tender flowers,
And blended in my wreath
The violet and the blue harebell,
And one frail rose in its earliest bloom;
Alas! I meant it for thy hair,
And now I fling it on thy tomb,
To weep and wither there!
Fare ye well, fare ye well!
Sleep, sleep, my love, in fragrant shade,
Droop, droop to-night, thou blushing token;
A fairer flower shall never fade,
Nor a fonder heart be broken!"

THE LEGEND OF THE TEUFEL-HAUS.

The way was lone, and the hour was late,
And Sir Rudolph was far from his castle gate.
The night came down, by slow degrees,
On the river stream, and the forest-trees;
And by the heat of the heavy air,
And by the lightning's distant glare,
And by the rustling of the woods,
And by the roaring of the floods,
In half an hour, a man might say,
The Spirit of Storm would ride that way.
But little he cared, that stripling pale,
For the sinking sun, or the rising gale;
For he, as he rode, was dreaming now,
Poor youth, of a woman's broken vow,
Of the cup dashed down, ere the wine was tasted,
Of eloquent speeches sadly wasted,
Of a gallant heart all burnt to ashes,
And the Baron of Katzberg's long mustaches.
So the earth below, and the heaven above,
He saw them not;—those dreams of love,
As some have found, and some will find,
Make men extremely deaf and blind.

At last he opened his great blue eyes,
And looking about in vast surprise,
Found that his hunter had turned his back,
An hour ago on the beaten track,
And now was threading a forest hoar,
Where steed had never stepped before.

"By Cæsar's head," Sir Rudolph said,
"It were a sorry joke,
If I to-night should make my bed
On the turf, beneath an oak!
Poor Roland reeks from head to hoof;—
Now, for thy sake, good roan,
I would we were beneath a roof,
Were it the foul fiend's own!"

Ere the tongue could rest, ere the lips could close,
The sound of a listener's laughter rose.
It was not the scream of a merry boy
When harlequin waves his wand of joy;
Nor the shout from a serious curate, won
By a bending bishop's annual pun;
Nor the roar of a Yorkshire clown;—oh, no!
It was a gentle laugh, and low;
Half uttered, perhaps, and stifled half,
A good old-gentlemanly laugh;
Such as my uncle Peter's are,
When he tells you his tales of Dr. Parr.
The rider looked to the left and the right,
With something of marvel, and more of fright:

But brighter gleamed his anxious eye,
When a light shone out from a hill hard by.
Thither he spurred, as gay and glad
As Mrs. Maquill's delighted lad,
When he turns away from the Pleas of the Crown,
Or flings, with a yawn, old Saunders down,
And flies, at last, from all the mysteries
Of Plaintiffs' and Defendants' histories,
To make himself sublimely neat,
For Mrs. Camac's in Mansfield Street.
At a lofty gate Sir Rudolph halted;
Down from his seat Sir Rudolph vaulted:
And he blew a blast with might and main,
On the bugle that hung by an iron chain.
The sound called up a score of sounds;—
The screeching of owls, and the baying of hounds,
The hollow toll of the turret bell,
The call of the watchful sentinel,
And a groan at last, like a peal of thunder,
As the huge old portals rolled asunder,
And gravely from the castle hall
Paced forth the white-robed seneschal.
He stayed not to ask of what degree
So fair and famished a knight might be;
But knowing that all untimely question
Ruffles the temper, and mars the digestion,
He laid his hand upon the crupper,
And said,—"You're just in time for supper!"
They led him to the smoking board,
And placed him next to the castle's lord.

He looked around with a hurried glance:
You may ride from the border to fair Penzance,
And nowhere, but at Epsom Races,
Find such a group of ruffian faces
As thronged that chamber: some were talking
Of feats of hunting and of hawking,
And some were drunk, and some were dreaming,
And some found pleasure in blaspheming.
He thought, as he gazed on the fearful crew,
That the lamps that burned on the walls burned blue.
They brought him a pasty of mighty size,
To cheer his heart, and to charm his eyes;
They brought the wine, so rich and old,
And filled to the brim the cup of gold;
The knight looked down, and the knight looked up,
But he carved not the meat, and he drained not the cup.

"Ho, ho," said his host with angry brow,
"I wot our guest is fine;
Our fare is far too coarse, I trow,
For such nice taste as thine:
Yet trust me I have cooked the food,
And I have filled the can,
Since I have lived in this old wood,
For many a nobler man."—
"The savory buck and the ancient cask
To a weary man are sweet;
But ere he taste, it is fit he ask
For a blessing on bowl and meat.

Let me but pray for a minute's space,
And bid me pledge ye then;
I swear to ye, by our Lady's grace,
I shall eat and drink like ten!"

The lord of the castle in wrath arose,
He frowned like a fiery dragon;
Indignantly he blew his nose,
And overturned the flagon.
And, "Away," quoth he, "with the canting priest,
Who comes uncalled to a midnight feast,
And breathes through a helmet his holy benison,
To sour my hock, and spoil my venison!"

That moment all the lights went out;
And they dragged him forth, that rabble rout,
With oath, and threat, and foul scurrility,
And every sort of incivility.
They barred the gates; and the peal of laughter,
Sudden and shrill, that followed after,
Died off into a dismal tone,
Like a parting spirit's painful moan.
"I wish," said Rudolph, as he stood
On foot in the deep and silent wood;
"I wish, good Roland, rack and stable
May be kinder to-night than their master's table!"
By this the storm had fleeted by;
And the moon with a quiet smile looked out
From the glowing arch of a cloudless sky,
Flinging her silvery beams about

On rock, tree, wave, and gladdening all
With just as miscellaneous bounty,
As Isabel's, whose sweet smiles fall
In half an hour on half the county.
Less wild Sir Rudolph's pathway seemed,
As he turned from that discourteous tower;
Small spots of verdure gaily gleamed
On either side; and many a flower,
Lily, and violet, and heart's-ease,
Grew by the way, a fragrant border;
And the tangled boughs of the hoary trees
Were twined in picturesque disorder:
And there came from the grove, and there came from the hill
The loveliest sounds he had ever heard,
The cheerful voice of the dancing rill,
And the sad, sad song of the lonely bird.

And at last he stared with wondering eyes,
As well he might, on a huge pavilion:
'Twas clothed with stuffs of a hundred dyes,
Blue, purple, orange, pink, vermilion;
And there were quaint devices traced
All round in the Saracenic manner;
And the top which gleamed like gold, was graced
With the drooping folds of a silken banner;
And on the poles, in silent pride,
There sat small doves of white enamel;
And the vail from the entrance was drawn aside,
And flung on the humps of a silver camel.

In short it was the sweetest thing
  For a weary youth in a wood to light on;
And finer far than what a king
  Built up, to prove his taste, at Brighton.
  The gilded gate was all unbarred;
And, close beside it, for a guard,
There lay two dwarfs with monstrous noses,
Both fast asleep upon some roses.
Sir Rudolph entered; rich and bright
Was all that met his ravished sight;
Soft tapestries from far countries brought,
Rare cabinets with gems inwrought,
White vases of the finest mould,
And mirrors set in burnished gold.
Upon a couch a grayhound slumbered;
And a small table was encumber'd
With paintings, and an ivory lute,
And sweetmeats, and delicious fruit.
Sir Rudolph lost no time in praising;
For he, I should have said, was gazing,
In attitude extremely tragic,
Upon a sight of stranger magic;
A sight, which, seen at such a season,
Might well astonish Mistress Reason,
And scare Dame Wisdom from her fences
Of rules and maxims, moods and tenses.
Beneath a crimson canopy
  A lady, passing fair, was lying;
Deep sleep was on her gentle eye,
  And in her slumber she was sighing

Bewitching sighs, such sighs as say
  Beneath the moonlight, to a lover,
Things which the coward tongue by day
  Would not, for all the world, discover:
She lay like a shape of sculptured stone,
So pale, so tranquil:—she had thrown,
  For the warm evening's sultriness,
The broidered coverlet aside;
And nothing was there to deck or hide
  The glory of her loveliness,
But a scarf of gauze so light and thin
You might see beneath the dazzling skin,
And watch the purple streamlets go
Through the valleys of white and stainless snow,
Or here and there a wayward tress
Which wandered out with vast assurance
From the pearls that kept the rest in durance,
And fluttered about, as if 'twould try
To lure a zephyr from the sky.

"Bertha!"—large drops of anguish came
On Rudolph's brow, as he breathed that name,—
"Oh fair and false one, wake, and fear;
I the betrayed, the scorned, am here."
The eye moved not from its dull eclipse,
The voice came not from the fast-shut lips;
No matter! well that gazer knew
The tone of bliss, and the eyes of blue.
  Sir Rudolph hid his burning face
With both his hands for a minute's space,

And all his frame in awful fashion
Was shaken by some sudden passion.
What guilty fancies o'er him ran?—
'Oh, Pity will be slow to guess them;
And never, save to the holy man,
Did good Sir Rudolph e'er confess them,
But soon his spirit you might deem
Came forth from the shade of the fearful dream;
His cheek, though pale, was calm again,
And he spoke in peace, though he spoke in pain,
"Not mine! not mine! now, Mary mother,
Aid me the sinful hope to smother!
Not mine, not mine!—I have loved thee long
Thou hast quitted me with grief and wrong.
But pure the heart of a knight should be,—
Sleep on, sleep on, thou art safe for me.
Yet shalt thou know by a certain sign,
Whose lips have been so near to thine,
Whose eyes have looked upon thy sleep,
And turned away, and longed to weep,
Whose heart,—mourn,—madden as it will,—
Has spared thee, and adored thee, still!"
His purple mantle, rich and wide,
From his neck the trembling youth untied,
And flung it o'er those dangerous charms,
The swelling neck, and the rounded arms.
Once more he looked, once more he sighed;
And away, away, from the perilous tent,
Swift as the rush of an eagle's wing,
Or the flight of a shaft from Tartar string,
Into the wood Sir Rudolph went:

Not with more joy the school-boys run
To the gay green fields, when their task is done;
Not with more haste the members fly,
When Hume has caught the Speaker's eye.
  At last the daylight came; and then
A score or two of serving men,
Supposing that some sad disaster
Had happened to their lord and master,
Went out into the wood, and found him,
Unhorsed, and with no mantle round him.
Ere he could tell his tale romantic,
The leech pronounced him clearly frantic,
So ordered him at once to bed,
And clapped a blister on his head.
  Within the sound of the castle-clock
There stands a huge and rugged rock,
And I have heard the peasants say,
That the grieving groom at noon that day
Found gallant Roland, cold and stiff,
At the base of the black and beetling cliff.
  Beside the rock there is an oak,
Tall, blasted by the thunder-stroke,
And I have heard the peasants say,
That there Sir Rudolph's mantle lay,
And coiled in many a deadly wreath
A venomous serpent slept beneath.

EVERY-DAY CHARACTERS.

I.—THE VICAR.

Some years ago, ere Time and Taste
  Had turned our parish topsy-turvy,
When Darnel Park was Darnel Waste,
  And roads as little known as scurvy,
The man who lost his way between
  St. Mary's Hill and Sandy Thicket,
Was always shown across the Green,
  And guided to the Parson's wicket.

Back flew the bolt of lisson lath;
  Fair Margaret in her tidy kirtle,
Led the lorn traveller up the path,
  Through clean-clipt rows of box and myrtle:
And Don and Sancho, Tramp and Tray,
  Upon the parlor steps collected,
Wagged all their tails and seemed to say,
  "Our master knows you; you're expected!"

Up rose the Reverend Dr. Brown,
Up rose the Doctor's "winsome marrow;"
The lady lay her knitting down,
Her husband clasped his ponderous Barrow;
Whate'er the stranger's caste or creed,
Pundit or papist, saint or sinner,
He found a stable for his steed,
And welcome for himself, and dinner.

If, when he reached his journey's end,
And warmed himself in court or college,
He had not gained an honest friend,
And twenty curious scraps of knowledge;—
If he departed as he came,
With no new light on love or liquor,—
Good sooth, the traveller was to blame,
And not the Vicarage, or the Vicar.

His talk was like a stream which runs
With rapid change from rock to roses:
It slipped from politics to puns:
It passed from Mahomet to Moses:
Beginning with the laws which keep
The planets in their radiant courses,
And ending with some precept deep
For dressing eels or shoeing horses.

He was a shrewd and sound divine,
Of loud Dissent and mortal terror;
And when, by dint of page and line,
He 'stablished Truth, or started Error,

The Baptist found him far too deep;
  The Deist sighed with saving sorrow;
And the lean Levite went to sleep,
  And dreamed of tasting pork to-morrow.

His sermon never said or showed
  That Earth is foul, that Heaven is gracious,
Without refreshment on the road
  From Jerome, or from Athanasius;
And sure a righteous zeal inspired
  The hand and head that penned and planned them,
For all who understood, admired,
  And some who did not understand them.

He wrote, too, in a quiet way,
  Small treatises, and smaller verses;
And sage remarks on chalk and clay,
  And hints to noble lords and nurses;
True histories of last year's ghost,
  Lines to a ringlet or a turban;
And trifles for the Morning Post,
  And nothing for Sylvanus Urban.

He did not think all mischief fair,
  Although he had a knack of joking;
He did make himself a bear,
  Although he had a taste for smoking:
And when religious sects ran mad,
  He held, in spite of all his learning,
That if a man's belief is bad,
  It will not be improved by burning.

And he was kind, and loved to sit
In the low hut or garnished cottage,
And praise the farmer's homely wit,
And share the widow's homelier pottage:
At his approach complaint grew mild,
And when his hand unbarred the shutter,
The clammy lips of Fever smiled
The welcome which they could not utter.

He always had a tale for me
Of Julius Cæsar or of Venus:
From him I learned the rule of three,
Cat's cradle, leap-frog, and Quæ genus;
I used to singe his powdered wig,
To steal the staff he put such trust in;
And make the puppy dance a jig
When he began to quote Augustin.

Alack the change! in vain I look
For haunts in which my boyhood trifled;
The level lawn, the trickling brook,
The trees I climbed, the beds I rifled:
The church is larger than before;
You reach it by a carriage entry:
It holds three hundred people more:
And pews are fitted up for gentry.

Sit in the Vicar's seat: you'll hear
The doctrine of a gentle Johnian,
Whose hand is white, whose tone is clear,
Whose tone is very Ciceronian.

Where is the old man laid?—look down,
And construe on the slab before you,
HIC JACET GULIELMUS BROWN,
VIR NULLA NON DONANDUS LAURA.

II.—QUINCE.

Fallentis semita vitæ.
Horace.

NEAR a small village in the West,
Where many very worthy people
Eat, drink, play whist, and do their best
To guard from evil Church and Steeple,
There stood—alas! it stands no more!
A tenement of brick and plaster,
Of which, for forty years and four,
My good friend Quince was lord and master!

Welcome was he in hut and hall,
To maids and matrons, peers and peasants,
He won the sympathies of all,
By making puns and making presents;
Though all the parish was at strife,
He kept his counsel and his carriage,
And laughed and loved a quiet life,
And shrank from Chancery's suits and marriage.

Sound was his claret and his head;
Warm was his double ale and feelings—
His partners at the whist club said,
That he was faultless in his dealings—
He went to church but once a week;
Yet Dr. Poundtext always found him
An upright man, who studied Greek,
And liked to see his friends around him.

Asylums, hospitals, and schools,
He used to swear were made to cozen;
All who subscribed to them were fools,
And he subscribed to half a dozen;
It was his doctrine that the poor
Were always able, never willing;
And so the beggar at the door
Had first abuse, and then a shilling.

Some public principles he had,
But was no flatterer, nor fretter;
He rapped his box when things were bad,
And said, "I cannot make them better!"
And much he loathed the patriot's snort,
And much he scorned the placeman's shuffle,
And cut the fiercest quarrels short,
With—"Patience, gentlemen, and shuffle."

For full ten years his pointer, Speed,
Had couched beneath his master's table;
For twice ten years his old white steed
Had fattened in his master's stable—

Old Quince averred, upon his troth,
They were the ugliest beasts in Devon;
And none knew why he fed them both,
With his own hands, six days in seven.

Whene'er they heard his ring or knock,
Quicker than thought, the village slatterns
Flung down the novel, smoothed the frock,
And took up Mrs. Glasse, and patterns;
Adine was studying baker's bills;
Louisa looked the queen of knitters;
Jane happened to be hemming frills;
And Bell, by chance, was making fritters.

But all was vain; and while decay
Came like a tranquil moonlight o'er him,
And found him gouty still, and gay,
With no fair nurse to bless or bore him;
His rugged smile, and easy chair,
His dread of matrimonial lectures,
His wig, his stick, his powdered hair,
Were themes for very strange conjectures.

Some sages thought the stars above
Had crazed him with excess of knowledge;
Some heard he had been crossed in love,
Before he came away from college—
Some darkly hinted that his grace
Did nothing, great or small, without him,
Some whispered with a solemn face,
That there was something odd about him!

I found him at threescore and ten,
A single man, but bent quite double,
Sickness was coming on him then,
To take him from a world of trouble—
He prosed of sliding down the hill,
Discovered he grew older daily;
One frosty day he made his will—
The next he sent for Dr. Bailey!

And so he lived—and so he died:—
When last I sat beside his pillow,
He shook my hand—"Ah me!"—he cried,
"Penelope must wear the willow.
Tell her I hugged her rosy chain
While life was flickering in the socket:
And say, that when I call again,
I'll bring a license in my pocket.

"I've left my house and grounds to Fag—
(I hope his master's shoes will suit him;)
And I've bequeathed to you my nag,
To feed him for my sake—or shoot him.
The Vicar's wife will take old Fox—
She'll find him an uncommon mouser;
And let her husband have my box,
My Bible, and my Assmanshauser.

"Whether I ought to die or not
My doctors cannot quite determine;
It's only clear that I shall rot,
And be, like Priam, food for vermin.

My debts are paid;—but Nature's debt
  Almost escaped my recollection!
Tom! we shall meet again; and yet
  I cannot leave you my direction!"

III.—THE BELLE OF THE BALL.

Years—years ago—ere yet my dreams
  Had been of being wise and witty;
Ere I had done with writing themes,
  Or yawn'd o'er this infernal Chitty;
Years, years ago, while all my joys
  Were in my fowling-piece and filly;
In short, while I was yet a boy,
  I fell in love with Laura Lilly.

I saw her at a country ball;
  There when the sound of flute and fiddle
Gave signal sweet in that old hall,
  Of hands across and down the middle,
Hers was the subtlest spell by far
  Of all that sets young hearts romancing:
She was our queen, our rose, our star;
  And when she danced—oh, heaven, her dancing!

Dark was her hair, her hand was white;
  Her voice was exquisitely tender,
Her eyes were full of liquid light;
  I never saw a waist so slender;

Her every look, her every smile,
Shot right and left a score of arrows;
I thought 'twas Venus from her isle,
I wondered where she 'd left her sparrows.

She talk'd of politics or prayers;
Of Southey's prose, or Wordsworth's sonnets;
Of daggers or of dancing bears,
Of battles, or the last new bonnets;
By candle-light, at twelve o'clock,
To me it matter'd not a tittle,
If those bright lips had quoted Locke,
I might have thought they murmured Little.

Through sunny May, through sultry June,
I loved her with a love eternal;
I spoke her praises to the moon,
I wrote them for the Sunday Journal.
My mother laughed; I soon found out
That ancient ladies have no feeling;
My father frown'd; but how should gout
Find any happiness in kneeling?

She was the daughter of a dean,
Rich, fat, and rather apoplectic;
She had one brother just thirteen,
Whose color was extremely hectic;
Her grandmother, for many a year,
Had fed the parish with her bounty;
Her second cousin was a peer,
And lord-lieutenant of the county.

But titles and the three per cents,
And mortgages, and great relations,
And India bonds, and tithes and rents,
Oh! what are they to love's sensations?
Black eyes, fair forehead, clustering locks,
Such wealth, such honors, Cupid chooses;
He cares as little for the stocks,
As Baron Rothschild for the muses.

She sketch'd; the vale, the wood, the beach,
Grew lovelier from her pencil's shading;
She botanized; I envied each
Young blossom in her boudoir fading;
She warbled Handel; it was grand—
She made the Catalina jealous;
She touch'd the organ; I could stand
For hours and hours and blow the bellows.

She kept an album, too, at home,
Well fill'd with all an album's glories;
Paintings of butterflies and Rome,
Patterns for trimming, Persian stories;
Soft songs to Julia's cockatoo,
Fierce odes to famine and to slaughter;
And autographs of Prince Laboo,
And recipes of elder water.

And she was flatter'd, worshipp'd, bored,
Her steps were watch'd, her dress was noted,
Her poodle dog was quite adored,
Her sayings were extremely quoted.

She laugh'd, and every heart was glad,
As if the taxes were abolish'd;
She frown'd, and every look was sad,
As if the opera were demolish'd.

She smil'd on many just for fun—
I knew that there was nothing in it;
I was the first, the only one
Her heart had thought of for a minute;
I knew it, for she told me so,
In phrase which was divinely moulded;
She wrote a charming hand, and oh!
How sweetly all her notes were folded!

Our love was like most other loves—
A little glow, a little shiver;
A rosebud and a pair of gloves,
And "Fly Not Yet," upon the river;
Some jealousy of some one's heir,
Some hopes of dying broken-hearted,
A miniature, a lock of hair,
The usual vows—and then we parted.

We parted—months and years roll'd by;
We met again four summers after;
Our parting was all sob and sigh—
Our meeting was all mirth and laughter;
For in my heart's most secret cell,
There had been many other lodgers;
And she was not the ball-room belle,
But only Mrs.—Something—Rogers.

A FRAGMENT OF A BALLAD:

TEACHING HOW POETRY IS BEST PAID FOR.

Non voglio cento scudi.—*Song.*

Oh say not that the minstrel's art,
The pleasant gift of verse,
Though his hopes decay, though his friends depart,
Can ever be a curse;—
Though sorrow reign within his heart,
And Penury hold his purse.

Say not his toil is profitless;—
Though he charm no rich relation,
The Fairies all his labors bless
With such remuneration,
As Mr. Hume would soon confess
Beyond his calculation.

Annuities, and three per cents,
Little cares he about them;
And India bonds, and tithes, and rents,
He rambles on without them:
But love, and noble sentiments,—
Oh, never bid him doubt them!

Young Florice rose from his humble bed,
And prayed as a good youth should;
And forth he sped, with a lightsome tread,
Into the neighboring wood;
He knew where the berries were ripe and red,
And where the old oak stood.

And as he lay at the noon of day,
Beneath the ancient tree,
A grayhaired pilgrim passed that way;
A holy man was he,
And he was wending forth to pray
At a shrine in a far countrie.

Oh, his was a weary wandering,
And a song or two might cheer him.
The pious youth began to sing,
As the ancient man drew near him;
The lark was mute as he touched the string,
And the thrush said, "Hear him, hear him!"

He sang high tales of the martyred brave;
Of the good, and pure, and just;
Who have gone into the silent grave,
In such deep faith and trust,
That the hopes and thoughts which sain and save
Spring from their buried dust.

The fair of face, and the stout of limb,
Meek maids, and grandsires hoary;
Who have sung on the cross their rapturous hymn,
As they passed to their doom of glory;—

Their radiant fame is never dim,
Nor their names erased from story.

Time spares the stone where sleep the dead
With angels watching round them;
The mourner's grief is comforted,
As he looks on the chains that bound them;
And peace is shed on the murderer's head,
And he kisses the thorns that crowned them.

Such tales he told; and the pilgrim heard
In a trance of voiceless pleasure;
For the depths of his inmost soul were stirred,
By the sad and solemn measure:
"I give thee my blessing,"—was his word;
"It is all I have of treasure!"

A little child came bounding by;
And he, in a fragrant bower,
Had found a gorgeous butterfly,
Rare spoil for a nursery dower,
Which, with fierce step, and eager eye,
He chased from flower to flower.

"Come hither, come hither," 'gan Florice call;
And the urchin left his fun;
So from the hall of poor Sir Paul
Retreats the baffled dun;
So Ellen parts from the village ball,
Where she leaves a heart half won.

Then Florice did the child caress,
And sang his sweetest songs:
Their theme was of the gentleness
Which to the soul belongs,
Ere yet it knows the name or dress
Of human rights and wrongs.

And of the wants which make agree
All parts of this vast plan;
How life is in whate'er we see,
And only life in man:—
What matter where the less may be,
And where the longer span?

And how the heart grows hard without
Soft Pity's freshening dews;
And how when any life goes out
Some little pang ensues;—
Facts which great soldiers often doubt,
And wits who write reviews.

Oh, Song hath power o'er Nature's springs,
Though deep the Nymph has laid them!
The child gazed, gazed, on gilded wings,
As the next light breeze displayed them;
But he felt the while that the meanest things
Are dear to him that made them!

The sun went down behind the hill,
The breeze was growing colder

But there the minstrel lingered still;
And amazed the chance beholder,
Musing beside a rippling rill,
With a harp upon his shoulder.

And soon, on a graceful steed and tame,
A sleek Arabian mare,
The Lady Juliana came,
Riding to take the air,
With lords of fame, at whose proud name
A radical would swear.

The minstrel touched his lute again.—
It was more than a Sultan's crown,
When the lady checked her bridle rein,
And lit from her palfrey down:—
What would you give for such a strain,
Rees, Longman, Orme, and Brown?

He sang of Beauty's dazzling eyes,
Of Beauty's melting tone;
And how her praise is a richer prize
Than the gems of Persia's throne;
And her love a bliss which the coldly wise
Have never, never known.

He told how the valiant scoff at fear,
When the sob of her grief is heard;
How they couch the spear for a smile or tear
How they die for a single word;—
Things which, I own, to me appear
Exceedingly absurd.

The Lady soon had heard enough:
She turned to hear Sir Denys
Discourse, in language vastly gruff,
About his skill at Tennis;
While smooth Sir Guy described the stuff
His mistress wore at Venice.

The Lady smiled one radiant smile,
And the Lady rode away.—
There is not a lady in all our Isle,
I have heard a Poet say,
Who can listen more than a little while
To a poet's sweetest lay.

His mother's voice was fierce and shrill,
As she set the milk and fruit:
"Out on thine unrewarded skill,
And on thy vagrant lute;
Let the strings be broken an they will,
And the beggar lips be mute!"

Peace, peace!—the Pilgrim as he went
Forgot the minstrel's song;
But the blessing that his wan lips sent
Will guard the minstrel long;
And keep his spirit innocent,
And turn his hand from wrong.

Belike the child had little thought
Of the moral the minstrel drew;
But the dream of a deed of kindness wrought—
Brings it not peace to you?

And doth not a lesson of virtue taught
  Teach him that teaches too ?

And if the Lady sighed no sigh
  For the minstrel or his hymn ;—
But when he shall lie 'neath the moonlit sky,
  Or lip the goblet's brim,
What a star in the midst of memory
  Her smile will be to him !

THE COVENANTER'S LAMENT FOR BOTHWELL BRIGG.

The men of sin prevail!
Once more the prince of this world lifts his horn:
Judah is scattered as the chaff is borne
Before the stormy gale.

Where are our brethren? where
The good and true, the terrible and fleet?
They whom we loved, with whom we sat at meat,
With whom we kneeled in prayer?

Mangled and marred they lie,
Upon the bloody pillow of their rest:
Stern Dalzell smiles, and Clavers with a jest
Spurs his fierce charger by.

So let our foes rejoice;—
We to the Lord, who hears their impious boasts,
Will call for comfort; to the God of Hosts
We will lift up our voice.

Give ear unto our song;
For we are wandering o'er our native land,
As sheep that have no shepherd; and the hand
Of wicked men is strong.

Only to thee we bow.
Our lips have drained the fury of thy cup;
And the deep murmurs of our hearts go up
To heaven for vengeance now.

Avenge,—oh, not our years
Of pain and wrong; the blood of martyrs shed;
The ashes heaped upon the hoary head;
The maiden's silent tears;

The babe's bread torn away;
The harvest blasted by the war-steed's hoof;
The red flame wreathing o'er the cottage roof;
Judge not for these to-day!

Is not thine own dread rod
Mocked by the proud, thy holy book disdained,
Thy name blasphemed, thy temple's courts profaned?
Avenge thyself, O God!

Break Pharoah's iron crown;
Bind with new chains their nobles and their kings;
Wash from thy house the blood of unclean things;
And hurl their Dagon down!

Come in thine own good time!
We will abide: we have not turned from thee;
Though in a world of grief our portion be,
Of bitter grief, and crime.

Be thou our guard and guide!
Forth from the spoiler's synagogue we go,
That we may worship where the torrents flow,
And where the whirlwinds ride.

From lonely rocks and caves
We will pour forth our sacrifice of prayer.—
On, brethren, to the mountains! Seek we there
Safe temples' quiet graves!

HOPE AND LOVE.

One day, through fancy's telescope,
Which is my richest treasure,
I saw, dear Susan, Love and Hope
Set out in search of Pleasure:
All mirth and smiles I saw them go;
Each was the other's banker;
For Hope took up her brother's bow,
And Love, his sister's anchor.

They rambled on o'er vale and hill,
They passed by cot and tower;
Through summer's glow and winter's chill,
Through sunshine and through shower:
But what did those fond playmates care
For climate, or for weather?
All scenes to them were bright and fair,
On which they gazed together.

Sometimes they turned aside to bless
Some Muse and her wild numbers,
Or breathe a dream of holiness
On Beauty's quiet slumbers;

"Fly on," said Wisdom, with cold sneers;
"I teach my friends to doubt you;"
"Come back," said Age, with bitter tears,
"My heart is cold without you."

When Poverty beset their path,
And threatened to divide them,
They coaxed away the beldame's wrath,
Ere she had breath to chide them,
By vowing all her rags were silk,
And all her bitters, honey,
And showing taste for bread and milk,
And utter scorn of money.

They met stern Danger in their way,
Upon a ruin seated;
Before him kings had quaked that day,
And armies had retreated:
But he was robed in such a cloud,
As Love and Hope came near him,
That though he thundered long and loud,
They did not see or hear him.

A gray-beard joined them, Time by name;
And Love was nearly crazy,
To find that he was very lame,
And also very lazy:
Hope, as he listened to her tale,
Tied wings upon his jacket;
And then they far outran the mail,
And far outsailed the packet.

And so, when they had safely passed
O'er many a land and billow,
Before a grave they stopped at last,
Beneath a weeping willow:
The moon upon the humble mound
Her softest light was flinging;
And from the thickets all around
Sad nightingales were singing.

"I leave you here," quoth Father Time,
As hoarse as any raven;
And love kneeled down to spell the rhyme
Upon the rude stone graven:
But Hope looked onward, calmly brave;
And whispered, "Dearest brother,
We're parted on this side the grave,—
We'll meet upon the other."

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

LADY ARABELLA FUSTIAN TO LORD CLARENCE FUSTIAN.

——Sweet, when Actors first appear,
The loud collision of applauding gloves!
MOULTRIE.

Your labors, my talented brother,
Are happily over at last;
They tell me, that, somehow or other,
The bill is rejected,—or past:
And now you'll be coming, I'm certain,
As fast as your posters can crawl,
To help us to draw up our curtain,
As usual, at Fustian Hall.

Arrangements are nearly completed;
But still we've a lover or two,
Whom Lady Albina entreated,
We'd keep at all hazards for you:
Sir Arthur makes horrible faces,—
Lord John is a trifle too tall,—
And yours are the safest embraces
To faint in, at Fustian Hall.

Come, Clarence;—it's really enchanting
To listen and look at the rout:
We're all of us puffing, and panting,
And raving, and running about;
Here Kitty and Adelaide bustle;
There Andrew and Anthony bawl;
Flutes murmur, chains rattle, robes rustle,
In chorus, at Fustian Hall.

By the bye, there are two or three matters,
We want you to bring us from town;
The Inca's white plumes from the hatter's,
A nose and a hump for the Clown:
We want a few harps for our banquet,
We want a few masks for our ball:
And steal from your wise friend Rosanquet
His white wig, for Fustian Hall.

Huncamunca must have a huge saber,
Friar Tuck has forgotten his cowl;
And we're quite at a stand-still with Weber,
For want of a lizard and owl:
And then for our funeral procession,
Pray get us a love of a pall;
Or how shall we make an impression
On feelings, at Fustian Hall?

And, Clarence, you'll really delight us,
If you'll do your endeavor to bring
From the Club a young person to write us
Our prologue, and that sort of thing;

Poor Crotchet, who did them supremely,
Is gone, for a judge, to Bengal;
I fear we shall miss him extremely,
This season, at Fustian Hall.

Come, Clarence;—your idol Albina
Will make a sensation, I feel;
We all think there never was seen a
Performer, so like the O'Neill.
At rehearsals, her exquisite fancy
Has deeply affected us all;
For one tear that trickles at Drury,
There'll be twenty at Fustian Hall.

Dread objects are scattered before her,
On purpose to harrow her soul;
She stares, till a deep spell comes o'er her,
At a knife, or a cross, or a bowl.
The sword never seems to alarm her,
That hangs on a peg to the wall,
And she doats on thy rusty old armor,
Lord Fustian, of Fustian Hall.

She stabbed a bright mirror this morning,—
Poor Kitty was quite out of breath,—
And trampled, in anger and scorning,
A bonnet and feathers to death.
But hark,—I've a part in the Stranger,—
There's the Prompter's detestable call:
Come, Clarence,—our Romeo and Ranger,
We want you at Fustian Hall.

ALEXANDER AND DIOGENES.

Diogenes Alexandro roganti ut diceret, Si quid opus esset, "nunc quidem paullulum," inquit, "a sole."—*Cicero Tusc. Disp.*

Slowly the monarch turned aside:
But when his glance of youthful pride
Rested upon the warriors gray
Who bore his lance and shield that day,
And the long line of spears, that came
Through the far grove like waves of flame,
His forehead burned, his pulse beat high,
More darkly flashed his shifting eye,
And visions of the battle-plain
Came bursting on his soul again.

The old man drew his gaze away
Right gladly from that long array,
As if their presence were a blight
Of pain and sickness to his sight;
And slowly folding o'er his breast
The fragments of his tattered vest,
As was his wont, unasked, unsought,
Gave to the winds his muttered thought,

Naming no name of friend or foe,
And reckless if they heard or no.

"Ay, go thy way, thou painted thing,
Puppet, which mortals call a king,
Adorning thee with idle gems,
With drapery and diadems,
And scarcely guessing, that beneath
The purple robe and laurel wreath,
There's nothing but the common slime
Of human clay and human crime!—
My rags are not so rich,—but they
Will serve as well to cloak decay.

"And ever round thy jeweled brow
False slaves and falser friends will bow;
And Flattery,—as varnish flings
A baseness on the brightest things,—
Will make the monarch's deeds appear
All worthless to the monarch's ear,
Till thou wilt turn and think that Fame,
So vilely drest is worse than shame!—
The gods be thanked for all their mercies,
Diogenes hears naught but curses!

"And thou wilt banquet!—air and sea
Will render up their hoards for thee;
And golden cups for thee will hold
Rich nectar, richer than the gold.
The cunning caterer still must share
The dainties which his toils prepare:

The page's lip must taste the wine
Before he fills the cup for thine!—
Wilt feast with me on Hecate's cheer?
I dread no royal hemlock here!

"And night will come; and thou wilt lie
Beneath a purple canopy,
With lutes to lull thee, flowers to shed
Their feverish fragrance round thy bed,
A princess to unclasp thy crest.—
A Spartan spear to guard thy rest.—
Dream, happy one!—thy dreams will be
Of danger and of perfidy;—
The Persian lance,—the Carian club!—
I shall sleep sounder in my tub!

"And thou wilt pass away, and have
A marble mountain o'er thy grave,
With pillars tall, and chambers vast,
Fit palace for the worm's repast!—
I too shall perish!—let them call
The vulture to my funeral;
The Cynic's staff, the Cynic's den,
Are all he leaves his fellow men,—
Heedless how this corruption fares,—
Yea, heedless though it mix with theirs!"

UTOPIA.

——"I can dream, sir,
If I eat well and sleep well."
The Mad Lover.

If I could scare the sun away,
No light should ever shine;
If I could bid the clouds obey,
Thick darkness should be mine;
Where'er my weary footsteps roam,
I hate whate'er I see;
And fancy builds a fairer home
In Slumber's hour for me.

I had a vision yesternight
Of a fairer land than this,
Where Heaven was clothed in warmth and light,
Where Earth was full of bliss;
And every tree was rich with fruits,
And every field with flowers,
And every zephyr wakened lutes
In passion-haunted bowers.

I clambered up a lofty rock,
And did not find it steep;
I read through a page and a half of Locke
And did not fall asleep.
I said whate'er I may but feel,
I paid whate'er I owe;
And I danced one day an Irish reel
With the gout in every toe.

And I was more than six feet high,
And fortunate and wise;
And I had a voice of melody,
And beautiful black eyes;
My horses like the lightning went,
My barrels carried true;
And I held my tongue at an argument,
And winning cards at Loo.

I saw an old Italian priest,
Who spoke without disguise;
And I dined with a Judge, who swore, like Best,
All libels should be lies.
I bought for a penny a two-penny loaf
Of wheat, and nothing more;
I danced with a female philosopher
Who was not quite a bore.

There was a crop of wheat which grew
Where plough was never brought;
There was a noble lord who knew
What he was never taught.

There was a scheme in the gazette
For a lottery without blanks;
And a Parliament had lately met,
Without a single Bankes.

And there were Kings who never went
To cuffs for half a crown;
And Lawyers who were eloquent
Without a wig or gown:
And Statesmen who forebore to praise
Their grayhounds and their guns;
And Poets who deserved the bays,
And did not dread the duns;

And Boroughs were bought without a test,
And no man feared the Pope;
And the Irish cabins were all possessed
Of Liberty and soap;
And the Chancellor, feeling very sick,
Had just resigned the seals;
And a clever little Catholic
Was hearing Scotch appeals.

There was no fraud in the penal code,
No dunce in the public schools,
No dust or dirt on a private road,
No shame in Wellesly Pole.
They showed me a figurante, whose name
Had never known disgrace;
And a gentleman of spotless fame,
With Mr. Bochsa's face.

It was an idle dream—but thou,
Beloved one! wert there;
With thy dark clear eyes and beaming brow,
White neck and floating hair;
And oh! I had an honest heart,
And a house of Portland Stone;
And thou wert dear, as still thou art:
And more than dear—my own.

Oh bitterness! the morning broke,
Alike for boor and bard;
And thou wert married when I woke,
And all the rest were marred:
And toil and trouble, noise and steam,
Came back with coming ray,
And if I thought the dead could dream,
I'd hang myself to-day.

PALINODIA.

Not mine this lesson—but experience's which it taught me.

THERE was a time when I could feel
All passion's hopes and fears,
And tell what tongues can ne'er reveal,
By smiles, and sighs, and tears.
The days are gone! no more! no more,
The cruel fates allow;
And though I'm hardly twenty-four,
I'm not a lover now!
Lady, the mist is on my sight,
The chill is on my brow;
My day is night, my bloom is blight,
I'm not a lover now!

I never talk about the clouds,
I laugh at girls and boys;
I'm growing rather fond of crowds,
And very fond of noise—

I never wander forth alone
  Upon the mountain's brow;
I weighed last winter sixteen stone—
  I'm not a lover now!

I never wish to raise a veil,
  I never raise a sigh,
I never tell a tender tale,
  I never tell a lie;
I cannot kneel as once I did,
  I've quite forgot my bow,
I never do as I am bid—
  I'm not a lover now.

I make strange blunders every day,
  If I would be gallant—
Take smiles for wrinkles, black for gray,
  And nieces for their aunt;
I fly from folly, though it flows
  From lips of loveliest glow;
I don't object to length of nose—
  I'm not a lover now!

The Muse's steed is very fleet—
  I'd rather ride my mare;
The poet hunts a quaint conceit—
  I'd rather hunt a hare;
I've learned to utter yours and you,
  Instead of thine and thou;
And, oh! I can't endure a blue!
  I'm not a lover now!

I don't encourage idle dreams
  Of poison, or of ropes;
I cannot dine on airy schemes,
  I cannot sup on hopes!
Now milk I own is very fine,
  Just foaming from the cow;
But yet, I want my pint of wine—
  I'm not a lover now!

When Laura sings young hearts away,
  I'm deafer than the deep;
When Leonora goes to play,
  I sometimes go to sleep;
When Mary draws her white gloves out,
  I never dance, I vow—
Too hot to kick one's heels about!—
  I'm not a lover now!

I'm busy with the State affairs,
  I prate of Pitt and Fox!
I ask the price of railroad shares,
  I watch the turn of stocks.
And this is life—no verdure blooms
  Upon the withered bough;
I save a fortune in perfumes—
  I'm not a lover now!

I may be yet what others are,
  A boudoir's babbling fool;
The flattered star of bench and bar,
  A party's chief or tool.

Come shower or sunshine—hope or fear,
The palace or the plough,
My heart and lute are broken here—
I'm not a lover now!
Lady, the mist is on my sight,
The chill is on my brow,
My day is night, my bloom is blight,
I'm not a lover now!

SCHOOL AND SCHOOL-FELLOWS.

Twelve years ago I made a mock
Of filthy trades and traffics:
I wondered what they meant by stock;
I wrote delightful sapphics:
I knew the streets of Rome and Troy,
I supp'd with fates and furies;
Twelve years ago I was a boy,
A happy boy, at Drury's.

Twelve years ago!—how many a thought
Of faded paints and pleasures
Those whispered syllables have brought
From memory's hoarded treasures!
The fields, the forms, the beasts, the books,
The glories and disgraces,
The voices of dear friends, the looks
Of old familiar faces.

Where are my friends?—I am alone,
No playmate shares my beaker—
Some lie beneath the church-yard stone,
And some before the Speaker;

And some compose a tragedy,
  And some compose a rondo;
And some draw sword for liberty,
  And some draw pleas for John Doe.

Tom Mill was used to blacken eyes,
  Without the fear of sessions;
Charles Medler loath'd false quantities,
  As much as false professions,
Now Mill keeps order in the land,
  A magistrate pedantic;
And Medler's feet repose unscann'd,
  Beneath the wide Atlantic.

Wild Nick, whose oaths made such a din,
  Does Dr. Martext's duty;
And Mullion, with that monstrous chin,
  Is married to a beauty;
And Darrel studies, week by week,
  His Mant and not his Manton;
And Ball, who was but poor at Greek,
  Is very rich at Canton.

And I am eight-and-twenty now—
  The world's cold chain has bound me;
And darker shades are on my brow,
  And sadder scenes around me:
In Parliament I fill my seat,
  With many other noodles;
And lay my head in Germyn-street,
  And sip my hock at Doodle's.

But often when the cares of life
  Have set my temples aching,
When visions haunt me of a wife,
  When duns await my waking,
When Lady Jane is in a pet,
  Or Hobby in a hurry,
When Captain Hazard wins a bet,
  Or Beaulieu spoils a curry:

For hours and hours, I think and talk
  Of each remember'd hobby;
I long to lounge in Poet's Walk—
  To shiver in the lobby;
I wish that I could run away
  From house and court, and levee,
Where bearded men appear to-day,
  Just Eton boys, grown heavy;

That I could bask in childhood's sun,
  And dance o'er childhood's roses;
And find huge wealth in one pound one,
  Vast wit and broken noses;
And pray Sir Giles at Datchet Lane,
  And call the milk-maids Houris;
That I could be a boy again—
  A happy boy at Drury's!

TO A LADY.

What are you, lady?—naught is here
To tell us of your name or story;
To claim the gazer's smile or tear,
To dub you whig, or daub you tory.
It is beyond a poet's skill,
To form the slightest notion, whether
We e'er shall walk through one quadrille,
Or look upon one moon together.

You're very pretty!—all the world
Are talking of your bright brow's splendor,
And of your locks, so softly curled,
And of your hands, so white and slender:
Some think you're blooming in Bengal;
Some say you're blowing in the city;
Some know you're nobody at all;
I only feel, you're very pretty.

But bless my heart! it's very wrong:
You're making all our belles ferocious;
Anne "never saw a chin so long;"
And Laura thinks your dress "atrocious;"

And Lady Jane, who now and then
  Is taken for the village steeple,
Is sure you can't be four feet ten,
  And "wonders at the taste of people."

Soon pass the praises of a face;
  Swift fades the very best vermilion;
Fame rides a most prodigious pace;
  Oblivion follows on the pillion;
And all, who, in these sultry rooms,
  To-day have stared, and pushed, and fainted,
Will soon forget your pearls and plumes,
  As if they never had been painted.

You'll be forgotten—as old debts
  By persons who are used to borrow;
Forgotten—as the sun that sets,
  When shines a new one on the morrow;
Forgotten—like the luscious peach,
  That blessed the school-boy last September;
Forgotten—like a maiden speech,
  Which all men praise, but none remember.

Yet, ere you sink into the stream,
  That whelms alike, sage, saint, and martyr,
And soldier's sword, and minstrel's theme,
  And Canning's wit, and Gatton's charter,
Here of the fortunes of your youth
  My fancy weaves her dim conjectures,
Which have, perhaps, as much of truth
  As Passion's vows, or Cobbett's lectures.

Was't in the north or in the south,
That summer-breezes rocked your cradle?
And had you in your baby mouth
A wooden or a silver ladle?
And was your first, unconscious sleep,
By Brownie banned, or blessed by fairy?
And did you wake to laugh or weep?
And where you christened Maud or Mary?

And was your father called "your grace?"
And did he bet at Ascot races?
And did he chatter common-place?
And did he fill a score of places?
And did your lady-mother's charms
Consist in picklings, broilings, bastings?
Or did she prate about the arms
Her brave forefather won at Hastings?

Where were you "finished?" tell me where!
Was it at Chelsea, or at Chiswick?
Had you the ordinary share
Of books and backboard, harp and physic?
And did they bid you banish pride,
And mind your oriental tinting?
And did you learn how Dido died,
And who found out the art of printing?

And are you fond of lanes and brooks,
A votary of the sylvan muses?
Or do you con the little books
Which Baron Brougham and Vaux diffuses?

Or do you love to knit and sew,
The fashionable world's Arachne?
Or do you canter down the Row,
Upon a very long-tailed hackney?

And do you love your brother James?
And do you pet his mares and setters?
And have your friends romantic names?
And do you write them long, long letters?
And are you—since the world began
All women are—a little spiteful?
And don't you dote on Malibran?
And don't you think Tom Moore delightful?

I see they've brought you flowers to-day,
Delicious food for eyes and noses;
But carelessly you turn away
From all the pinks, and all the roses;
Say, is that fond look sent in search
Of one whose look as fondly answers?
And is he, fairest, in the church,
Or is he—aint he—in the Lancers?

And is your love a motley page
Of black and white, half joy, half sorrow?
Are you to wait till you're of age?
Or are you to be his to-morrow?
Or do they bid you, in their scorn,
Your pure and sinless flame to smother?
Is he so very meanly born?
Or are you married to another?

Whate'er you are, at last, adieu!
I think it is your bounden duty
To let the rhymes I coin for you,
Be prized by all who prize your beauty.
From you I seek nor gold nor fame;
From you I fear no cruel strictures;
I wish some girls that I could name
Were half as silent as their pictures!

CONFESSIONS.

FROM THE MANUSCRIPT OF A SEXAGENARIAN.

In youth, when pen and fingers first
Coined rhymes for all who choose to seek 'em,
Ere luring hope's gay bubbles burst,
Or Chitty was my *vade mecum*,
Ere years had charactered my brow
With the deep lines, that well become it,
Or told me that warm hearts could grow
Cold as Mont Blanc's snow-covered summit.

When my slow step and solemn swing
Were steadier and somewhat brisker,
When velvet collars were "the thing,"
And long before I wore a whisker,
Ere I had measured six feet two,
Or bought Havanas by the dozen,
I fell in love—as many do—
She was an angel—hem—my cousin.

Sometimes my eye, its furtive glance
Cast back on memory's short-hand record;
I wonder—if by any chance
Life's future page will be so checkered!

My angel cousin !—ah ! her form—
Her lofty brow—her curls of raven,
Eyes darker than the thunder storm,
Its lightnings flashing from their heaven.

Her lip with music eloquent
As her own grand upright piano;
No—never yet was peri lent
To earth like thee, sweet Adriana.
I may not—dare not—call to mind
The joys that once my breast elated,
Though yet, methinks, the morning wind
Sweeps o'er my ear, with thy tones freighted;

And then I pause, and turn aside
From pleasure's throng of pangless-hearted,
To weep ! No. Sentiment and pride
Are by each other always thwarted !
I press my hand upon my brow,
To still the throbbing pulse that heaves it,
Recal my boyhood's faltered vow,
And marvel—if she still believes it.

But she is woman—and her heart,
Like her tiara's brightest jewel,
Cold—hard—till kindled by some art,
Then quenchless burns—itself its fuel—
So poets say. Well, let it pass,
And those who list may yield it credit;
But as for constancy, alas !
I've never known—I've only read it.

Love! 'tis a roving fire, at most
  The *cuerpo santa* of life's ocean;
Now flashing through the storm, now lost—
  Who trust, 'tis said, rue their devotion.
It may be, 'tis a mooted creed—
  I have my doubts, and it—believers,
Though one *is* faithless—where's the need
  Of shunning all—as gay deceivers?

I said I loved. I did. But ours
  Was felt, not growled hyæna fashion!
We wandered not at moonlight hours,
  Some dignity restrained the passion!
We loved—I never stooped to woo;
  We met—I always doffed my beaver;
She smiled a careless "how d'ye do—
  Good morning, sir;"—I rose to leave her.

She loved—she never told me so;
  I never asked—I could not doubt it;
For there were signs on cheek and brow;
  And asking! Love is known without it!
'Twas understood—we were content,
  And rode, and sung, and waltzed together!
Alone, without embarrassment
  We talked of something—*not the weather!*

Time rolled along—the parting hour
  With arrowy speed brought its distresses,
A kiss—a miniature—a flower—
  A ringlet from those raven tresses;

And the tears that would unbidden start,
(An hour, perhaps, and they had perished,)
In the far chambers of *my* heart,
I swore her image should be cherished.

I've looked on peril—it has glared
In fashionable forms upon me,
From leveled aim—from weapon bared—
And doctors three attending on me!
But never did my sternness wane
At pang by shot or steel imparted,
I'd not recall that hour of pain
For years of bliss—it passed—we parted.

We parted—though her tear-gemmed cheeks,
Her heaving breast had thus unmanned me—
She quite forgot me in three weeks!
And other beauties soon trepanned me.
We met—and did not find it hard
Joy's overwhelming tide to smother—
There was a "Mrs." on my card,
And she—*was married to another!*

A LETTER OF ADVICE.

FROM MISS MEDORIA TREVILIAN, AT PADUA, TO MISS ARAMINTA VAVASOUR, IN LONDON.

"Enfin, Monsieur, un homme amiable:
Voila pourquoi je ne saurais l'aimer."
Scribe.

You tell me you're promised a lover,
My own Araminta, next week;
Why cannot my fancy discover
The hue of his coat and his cheek!
Alas! if he looks like another,
A vicar, a banker, a beau,
Be deaf to your father and mother,
My own Araminta, say "No!"

If he wears a top boot in his wooing,
If he comes to you riding a cob,
If he talks of his baking or brewing,
If he puts up his feet on the hob,
If he ever drinks port after dinner,
If his brow or his breeding is low,
If he calls himself "Thompson" or "Skinner,"
My own Araminta, say "No!"

If he studies the news in the papers,
While you are preparing the tea,
If he talks of the damps and the vapors,
While moonlight lies soft on the sea,
If he's sleepy while you are capricious,
If he has not a musical "Oh!"
If he does not call Werter delicious,
My own Araminta, say "No!"

If he ever sets foot in the city,
Among the stockbrokers and Jews,
If he has not a heart full of pity,
If he don't stand six feet in his shoes,
If his lips are not redder than roses,
If his hands are not whiter than snow,
If he has not the model of noses—
My own Araminta, say "No!"

If he speaks of a tax or a duty,
If he does not look grand on his knees,
If he's blind to a landscape of beauty,
Hills, valleys, rocks, waters, and trees,
If he dotes not on desolate towers,
If he likes not to hear the blast blow,
If he knows not the language of flowers—
My own Araminta, say "No!"

He must walk like a god of old story,
Come down from the home of his rest;
He must smile like the sun in its glory,
On the buds he loves ever the best:

And, oh, from its ivory portal,
Like music his soft speech must flow!—
If he speak, smile, or walk like a mortal—
My own Araminta, say "No!"

Don't listen to tales of his beauty,
Don't hear what they tell of his birth,
Don't look at his seat in the county,
Don't calculate what he is worth;
But give him a theme to write verse on,
And see if he turns out his toe;—
If he's only an excellent person,—
My own Araminta, say "No!"

OUR BALL.

"Comment ! c'est lui ? que le je regards encore !—c'est que vraiment il est bien change ; n'est ce pas, mon papa ?"

LES PREMIERS AMOURS.

You'LL come to our ball;—since we parted,
I've thought of you more than I'll say ;
Indeed I was half broken-hearted
For a week, when they took you away.
Fond fancy brought back to my slumbers
Our walks on the Ness and the Den,
And echoed the musical numbers
Which you used to sing to me then.
I know the romance, since it's over,
'Twere idle, or worse, to recall ;—
I know you're a terrible rover ;
But, Clarence, you'll come to our Ball !

It's only a year since, at College,
You put on your cap and your gown ;
But, Clarence, you've grown out of knowledge,
And changed from the spur to the crown :

The voice that was best when it faltered,
Is fuller and firmer in tone:
And the smile that should never have altered,—
Dear Clarence;—it is not your own;
Your cravat was badly selected,
Your coat don't become you at all;
And why is your hair so neglected?
You must have it curled for our Ball.

I've often been out upon Haldon
To look for a covey with Pup;
I've often been over to Shaldon,
To see how your boat is laid up.
In spite of the terrors of Aunty,
I've ridden the filly you broke;
And I've studied your sweet little Dante
In the shade of your favorite oak:
When I sat in July to Sir Lawrence,
I sat in your love of a shawl;
And I'll wear what you brought me from Florence,
Perhaps, if you'll come to our Ball.

You'll find us all changed since you vanished;
We've set up a National School;
And waltzing is utterly banished;
And Ellen has married a fool;
The Major is going to travel;
Miss Hyacinth threatens a rout;
The walk is laid down with fresh gravel;
Papa is laid up with the gout:

And Jane has gone on with her easels,
And Anne has gone off with Sir Paul;
And Fanny is sick with the measles,—
And I'll tell you the rest at the Ball.

You'll meet all your beauties;—the Lily
And the Fairy of Willowbrook Farm,
And Lucy, who made me so silly
At Dawlish, by taking your arm;
Miss Manners, who always abused you,
For talking so much about Hock;
And her sister who often amused you,
By raving of rebels and Rock;
And something which surely would answer,
An heiress quite fresh from Bengal;—
So, though you were seldom a dancer,
You'll dance, just for once, at our Ball.

But out on the world!—from the flowers
It shuts out the sunshine of truth:
It blights the green leaves in the bowers,
It makes an old age of our youth:
And the flow of our feeling, once in it,
Like a streamlet beginning to freeze,
Though it cannot turn ice in a minute,
Grows harder by sudden degrees.
Time treads o'er the graves of affection;
Sweet honey is turned into gall;
Perhaps you have no recollection
That ever you danced at our Ball.

You once could be pleased with our ballads;—
To-day you have critical ears;
You once could be charmed with our salads;
Alas! you've been dining with Peers;
You trifled and flirted with many;
You've forgotten the when and the how;
There was one you liked better than any;
Perhaps you've forgotten her now.
But of those you remember most newly,
Of those who delight or enthral,
None love you a quarter so truly
As some you will find at our Ball.

They tell me you've many who flatter,
Because of your wit and your song;
They tell me (and what does it matter?)
You like to be praised by the throng:
They tell me you're shadowed with laurel,
They tell me you're loved by a Blue;
They tell me you're sadly immoral—
Dear Clarence, that cannot be true!
But to me you are still what I found you
Before you grew clever and tall;
And you'll think of the spell that once bound you:
And you'll come, won't you come? to our Ball?

MY PARTNER.

"There is, perhaps, no subject of more universal interest in the whole range of natural knowledge, than that of the unceasing fluctuations which take place in the atmosphere in which we are immersed."

At Cheltenham, where one drinks one's fill
  Of folly and cold water,
I danced, last year, my first quadrille,
  With old Sir Geoffrey's daughter.
Her cheek with summer's rose might vie,
  When summer's rose is newest;
Her eyes were blue as autumn's sky,
  When autumn's sky is bluest;
And well my heart might deem her one
  Of life's most precious flowers,
For half her thoughts were of its sun,
  And half were of its showers.

I spoke of novels:—"Vivian Grey"
  Was positively charming,
And "Almack's" infinitely gay,
  And "Frankenstein" alarming;

I said "De Vere" was chastely told,
  Thought well of "Herbert Lacy,"
Called Mr. Banim's sketches "bold,"
  And Lady Morgan's "racy;"
I vowed the last new thing of Hook's
  Was vastly entertaining;
And Laura said—"I dote on books,
  Because it's always raining!"

I talked of music's gorgeous fane,
  I raved about Rossini,
Hoped Ronzo would come back again,
  And criticised Pacini;
I wished the chorus singers dumb,
  The trumpets more pacific,
And eulogised Brocard's *a plomb*,
  And voted Paul "terrific,"
What cared she for Medea's pride
  Or Desdemona's sorrow?
"Alas!" my beauteous listener sighed,
  "We *must* have storms to-morrow!"

I told her tales of other lands;
  Of ever-boiling fountains,
Of poisonous lakes, and barren sands,
  Vast forests, trackless mountains:
I painted bright Italian skies,
  I lauded Persian Roses,
Coined similes for Spanish eyes,
  And jests for Indian noses;

I laughed at Lisbon's love of mass,
And Vienna's dread of treason;
And Laura asked me where the glass
Stood at Madrid last season.

I broached whate'er had gone its rounds,
The week before, of scandal;
What made Sir Luke lay down his hounds,
And Jane take up her Handel;
Why Julia walked upon the heath,
With the pale moon above her;
Where Flora lost her false front teeth,
And Anne her false lover;
How Lord de B. and Mrs. L.
Had crossed the sea together;
My shuddering partner cried—"Oh, Ceil!
How *could* they in such weather?"

Was she a blue?—I put my trust
In strata, petals, gases;
A boudoir-pedant?—I discussed
The toga and the fasces;
A cockney-muse?—I mouthed a deal
Of folly from Endymion;
A saint?—I praised the pious zeal
Of Messrs. Way and Simeon;
A politician?—It was vain
To quote the morning paper;
The horrid phantoms come again,
Rain, hail, and snow, and vapor.

Flat flattery was my only chance,
I acted deep devotion,
Found magic in her every glance,
Grace in her every motion;
I wasted all a stripling's lore,
Prayer, passion, folly, feeling;
And wildly looked upon the floor,
And wildly on the ceiling;
I envied gloves upon her arm,
And shawls upon her shoulder;
And when my worship was most warm,
She "never found it colder."

I don't object to wealth or land;
And she will have the giving
Of an extremely pretty hand,
Some thousands, and a living.
She makes silk purses, broiders stools,
Sings sweetly, dances finely,
Paints screens, subscribes to Sunday schools,
And sits a horse divinely.
But to be linked for life to her!
The desperate man who tried it,
Might marry a barometer,
And hang himself beside it!

LETTER FROM

MISS AMELIA JANE MORTIMER, LONDON,

TO SIR HENRY CLIFFORD, PARIS.

Dear Harry you owe me letter—
Nay, I really believe it is two;
But I make you still farther my debtor—
I send you this brief *billet-doux.*
The shock was so great when we parted,
I can't overcome my regret:
At first I was quite broken-hearted,
And have never recovered it yet!

I have scarcely been out to a party,
But have sent an excuse, or been ill;
I have played but three times at ecarte,
And danced but a single quadrille;
And then I was sad, for my heart ne'er
One moment ceased thinking of thee—
I'd a handsome young man for a partner,
And a handsomer still *vis-a-vis.*

But I had such a pain in my forehead,
And felt so ennuied and so tired,
I must have looked perfectly horrid—
Yet they say I was really admired!
You'll smile—but mamma heard a lancer,
As he whispered his friend, and said he,
"The best and most beautiful dancer
Is the lady in white"—meaning me!

I've been once to Lord Dorival's *soirees*,
Whose daughter in music excels—
Do they still wear the silk they call *moirees*?
They will know if you ask at Pardel's—
She begged me to join in a duett,
But the melody died on my tongue;
And I thought I should never get through it,
It was one we so often have sung.

In your last you desire me to mention
The news of the court and the town;
But there's nothing now worth your attention,
Or deserving of my noting down.
They say things are bad in the city,
And pa thinks they'll only get worse;
And they say new bonnets are pretty,
But I think them quite the reverse.

Lady Black has brought out her three daughters,
Good figures but timid and shy;
Mrs. White's gone to Bath for the waters,
And the doctors declare she will die.

It's all off 'twixt Miss Brown and Sir Stephen,
He found they could never agree;
Her temper's so very uneven,
I always said how it would be.

The Miss Whites are grown very fine creatures,
Though they look rather large in a room;
Miss Gray is gone off in her features,
Miss Green has gone off—with her groom!
Lord Littleford's dead, and that noodle
His son has succeeded his sire;
And her Ladyship's lost the fine poodle,
That you and I used to admire.

Little Joe is advancing in knowledge,
He begs me to send his regard,
And Charles goes on Monday to college,
But mamma thinks he studies too hard.
We are loosing our man-cook, he marries,
My French *femme de chambre*, Baptiste;
Pa wishes you'd send one from Paris,
But he must be a first rate *artiste*.

I don't like my last new piano,
Its tones are so terribly sharp;
I think I must give it to Anna,
And get pa to buy me a harp.
Little Gerald is growing quite mannish,
He was smoking just now a cigar!
And I'm lugging hard at the Spanish,
And Lucy has learned the guitar.

I suppose you can talk like an artist,
Of statues, busts, paintings, *virtu;*
But pray, love, don't turn Bonapartist,
Pa will never consent if you do!
"You were born," he will say, "Sir, a Briton,"
But forgive me so foolish a fear;
If I thought you could blame what I've written,
I would soon wash it out with a tear!

I pray, sir, how like you the ladies,
Since you've quitted the land of your birth?
I have heard the dark donnas of Cadiz
Are the loveliest women on earth.
The Italians are lively and witty,
But I ne'er could their manners endure;
Nor do I think French women pretty,
Though they have a most charming *tournure!*

I was told you were flirting at Calais,
And next were intriguing at Rome;
But I smiled at their impotent malice,
Yet I must say I wished you at home!
Though I kept what I fancied *in petto,*
And felt you would ever be true,
Yet I dreamed of the murderer's stiletto
Each night—and its victim was you!

I'm arrived at the end of my paper,
So, dearest, you'll not think it rude,
If I ring for my seal and a taper,
And think it high time to conclude.

Adieu then—dejected and lonely,
Till I see you I still shall remain,
Addio mio caro—yours only—
Yours ever, AMELIA JANE.

P. S.—You may buy me a dress like Selina's,
Her complexion 's so much like my own;
And don't fail to call at Farina's
For a case of his Eau de Cologne.
And whate'er your next letter announces,
Let it also intelligence bring,
If the French have left off the deep flounces,
And what will be worn for the Spring!

TIME'S CHANGES.

I saw her once—so freshly fair
That, like a blossom just unfolding,
She open'd to Life's cloudless air;
And Nature joy'd to view its moulding:
Her smile it haunts my memory yet—
Her cheek's fine hue divinely glowing—
Her rosebud mouth—her eyes of jet—
Around on all their light bestowing:
Oh! who could look on such a form,
So nobly free, so softly tender,
And darkly dream that earthly storm
Should dim such sweet, delicious splendor!
For in her mien, and in her face,
And in her young step's fairy lightness,
Naught could the raptured gazer trace
But Beauty's glow, and Pleasure's brightness.

I saw her twice—an alter'd charm—
But still of magic, richest, rarest,
Than girlhood's talisman less warm,
Though yet of earthly sights the fairest:

Upon her breast she held a child,
The very image of its mother;
Which ever to her smiling smiled,
They seem'd to live but in each other:—
But matron cares, or lurking wo,
Her thoughtless, sinless look had banish'd,
And from her cheek the roseate glow
Of girlhood's balmy morn had vanish'd;
Within her eyes, upon her brow,
Lay something softer, fonder, deeper,
As if in dreams some vision'd wo
Had broke the Elysium of the sleeper.

I saw her thrice—Fate's dark decree
In widow's garments had array'd her,
Yet beautiful she seem'd to be,
As even my reveries portrayed her;
The glow, the glance had pass'd away,
The sunshine and the sparkling glitter;
Still, though I noted pale decay,
The retrospect was scarcely bitter;
For, in their place a calmness dwelt,
Serene, subduing, soothing, holy;
In feeling which, the bosom felt
That every louder mirth is folly—
A pensiveness, which is not grief,
A stillness—as of sunset streaming—
A fairy glow on flower and leaf,
Till earth looks on like a landscape dreaming.

A last time—and unmoved she lay,
  Beyond Life's dim, uncertain river,
A glorious mould of fading clay,
  From whence the spark had fled for ever!
I gazed—my breast was like to burst—
  And, as I thought of years departed,
The years wherein I saw her first,
  When she, a girl, was tender-hearted—
And, when I mused on later days,
  As moved she in her matron duty,
A happy mother, in the blaze
  Of ripen'd hope, and sunny beauty—
I felt the chill—I turn'd aside—
  Bleak Desolation's cloud came o'er me,
And Being seem'd a troubled tide,
  Whose wrecks in darkness swam before me!

GOOD NIGHT.

Good night to thee, lady !—though many
  Have join'd in the dance to-night,
Thy form was the fairest of any,
  Where all was seducing and bright;
Thy smile was the softest and dearest,
  Thy form the most sylph-like of all,
And thy voice the most gladsome and clearest
  That e'er held a partner in thrall.

Good night to thee, lady !—'tis over—
  The waltz, the quadrille, and the song—
The whisper'd farewell of the lover,
  The heartless adieu of the throng;
The heart that was throbbing with pleasure,
  The eye-lid that long'd for repose—
The beaux that were dreaming of treasure,
  The girls that were dreaming of beaux.

'Tis over—the lights are all dying,
  The coaches all driving away;
And many a fair one is sighing,
  And many a false one is gay;

And Beauty counts over her numbers
Of conquests, as homeward she drives—
And some are gone home to their slumbers,
And some are gone home to their wives.

And I, while my cab in the shower
Is waiting, the last at the door,
Am looking all round for the flower
That fell from your wreath on the floor.
I'll keep it—if but to remind me,
Though withered and faded its hue—
Wherever next season may find me—
Of England—of Almack's—and you!

There are tones that will haunt us, though lonely
Our path be o'er mountain or sea;
There are looks that will part from us only
When memory ceases to be;
There are hopes which our burden can lighten,
Though toilsome and steep be the way;
And dreams that, like moonlight, can brighten
With a light that is clearer than day.

There are names that we cherish, though nameless;
For aye on the lip they may be;
There are hearts that, though fetter'd, are tameless,
And thoughts unexpress'd, but still free!
And some are too grave for a rover,
And some for a husband too light.
—The ball and my dream are all over—
Good night to thee, lady! good night!

JOSEPHINE.

We did not meet in courtly hall,
  Where Birth and Beauty throng,
Where Luxury holds festival,
  And wit awakes the song;
We met where darker spirits meet,
  In the home of Sin and Shame,
Where Satan shows his cloven feet,
  And hides his titled name;
And she knew she could not be, Love,
  What once she might have been,
But she was kind to me, Love,
  My pretty Josephine.

We did not part beneath the sky,
  As warmer lovers part,
Where Night conceals the glistening eye,
  But not the throbbing heart;
We parted on the spot of ground
  Where we first had laughed at love,
And ever the jests were loud around,
  And the lamps were bright above:

"The heaven is very dark, Love,
The blast is very keen,
But merrily rides my bark, Love—
Good night, my Josephine !"

She did not speak of ring or vow,
But filled the cup of wine,
And took the roses from her brow
To make a wreath for mine ;
And bade me, when the gale should lift
My light skiff on the wave,
To think as little of the gift
As of the hand that gave :
"Go gaily o'er the sea, Love,
And find your own heart's queen ;
And look not back to me, Love,
Your humble Josephine !"

That garland breathes and blooms no more,
Past are those idle hours ;
I would not, could I choose, restore
The fondness or the flowers ;
Yet oft their withered witchery
Revives its wonted thrill,
Remembered—not with Passion's sigh,
But oh ! remembered still :
And even from your side, Love,
And even from this scene,
One look is o'er the tide, Love,
One thought with Josephine !

Alas ! your lips are rosier,
  Your eyes of softer blue,
And I have never felt for her
  As I have felt for you;
Our love was like the snow-flakes,
  Which melt before you pass—
Or the bubble on the wine, which breaks
  Before you lip the glass.
You saw these eye-lids wet, Love,
  Which she has never seen;
But bid me not forget, Love,
  My poor Josephine!

MARSTON MOOR.

To horse! to horse! Sir Nicholas, the clarion's note is high!
To horse! to horse! Sir Nicholas, the big drum makes reply!
Ere this hath Lucas marched, with his gallant cavaliers,
And the bray of Rupert's trumpets grows fainter in our ears.
To horse! to horse! Sir Nicholas! White Guy is at the door,
And the raven whets his beak o'er the field of Marston Moor.

Up rose the Lady Alice, from her brief and broken prayer,
And she brought a silken banner down the narrow turret-stair;
Oh! many were the tears that those radiant eyes had shed,
As she traced the bright word "Glory" in the gay and glancing thread;

And mournful was the smile which o'er those lovely features ran,
As she said, "It is your lady's gift, unfurl it in the van!"

"It shall flutter, noble wench, where the best and boldest ride
Midst the steel-clad files of Skippon, the black dragoons of Pride;
The recreant heart of Fairfax shall feel a sicklier qualm,
And the rebel lips of Oliver give out a louder psalm,
When they see my lady's gewgaw flaunt proudly on their wing,
And hear her loyal soldier's shout, "For God and for the King."

'Tis soon. The ranks are broken, along the royal line
They fly, the braggarts of the court! the bullies of the Rhine!
Stout Langdale's cheer is heard no more, and Astley's helm is down,
And Rupert sheathes his rapier, with a curse and with a frown,
And cold Newcastle mutters, as he follows in their flight,
"The German boar had better far have supped in York to-night."

The knight is left alone, his steel-cap cleft in twain,
His good buff jerkin crimsoned o'er with many a gory stain;

Yet still he waves his banner, and cries amid the rout,
"For Church and King, fair gentlemen! spur on, and
fight it out!"
And now he wards a Roundhead's pike, and now he
hums a stave,
And now he quotes a stage-play, and now he fells a
knave.

God aid thee now, Sir Nicholas! thou hast no thought
of fear;
God aid thee now, Sir Nicholas! for fearful odds are
here!
The rebels hem thee in, and at every cut and thrust,
"Down, down," they cry, "with Belial! down with him
to the dust."
"I would," quoth grim old Oliver, "that Belial's trusty
sword,
This day were doing battle for the Saints and for the
Lord!"

The Lady Alice sits with her maidens in her bower,
The gray-haired warder watches from the castle's top
most tower;
"What news? what news, old Hubert?"—"The bat-
tle's lost and won;
The royal troops are melting, like mists before the
sun!
And a wounded man approaches;—I'm blind and cannot
see,
Yet sure I am that sturdy step, my master's step must
be!"

"I've brought thee back thy banner, wench, from as
rude and red a fray,
As e'er was proof of soldier's thew, or theme for min-
strel's lay!
Here, Hubert, bring the silver bowl, and liquor quantum
suff.
I'll make a shift to drain it yet, ere I part with boots
and buff;—
Though Guy through many a gaping wound is breathing
forth his life,
And I come to thee a landless man, my fond and faithful
wife!

"Sweet! we will fill our money-bags, and freight a ship
for France,
And mourn in merry Paris for this poor land's mis-
chance:
For if the worst befall me, why better axe and rope,
Than life with Lenthal for a king, and Peters for a pope!
Alas! alas! my gallant Guy!—curse on the crop-eared
boor,
Who sent me with my standard, on foot from Marston
Moor!"

STANZAS,

WRITTEN UNDER A DRAWING OF KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE.

EXTRACTED FROM AN ALBUM IN DEVONSHIRE.

Most beautiful!—I gaze and gaze
In silence on the glorious pile;
And the glad thoughts of other days
Come thronging back the while.
To me dim Memory makes more dear
The perfect grandeur of the shrine;
But if I stood a stranger here,
The ground were still divine.

Some awe the good and wise have felt,
As reverently their feet have trod
On any spot where man hath knelt,
To commune with his God;
By haunted spring, or fairy well,
Beneath the ruined convent's gloom,
Beside the feeble hermit's cell,
Or the false prophet's tomb.

But when was high devotion graced
With lovelier dwelling, loftier throne,
Than thus the limner's art hath traced
From the time-honored stone?
The spirit here of worship seems
To hold the heart in wondrous thrall,
And heavenward hopes and holy dreams,
Came at her voiceless call;—

At midnight, when the lonely moon
Looks from a vapor's silvery fold;
Or morning, when the sun of June
Crests the high towers with gold;
For every change of hour and form
Makes that fair scene more deeply fair;
And dusk and day-break, calm and storm,
Are all religion there.

TWENTY-EIGHT AND TWENTY-NINE.

I HEARD a sick man's dying sigh,
And an infant's idle laughter,
The Old Year went with mourning by—
The New came dancing after!
Let Sorrow shed her lonely tear,
Let Revelry hold her ladle;
Bring boughs of cypress for the bier,
Fling roses on the cradle;
Mutes to wait on the funeral state;
Pages to pour the wine;
A requiem for Twenty-Eight,
And a health to Twenty-Nine!

Alas for human happiness!
Alas for human sorrow!
Our yesterday is nothingness,
What else will be our morrow?
Still Beauty must be stealing hearts,
And Knavery stealing purses;
Still cooks must live by making tarts,
And wits by making verses;

While sages prate and courts debate,
The same stars set and shine;
And the world as it rolled through Twenty-Eight,
Must roll through Twenty-Nine.

Some King will come, in Heaven's good time,
To the tomb his father came to;
Some Thief will wade through blood and crime
To a crown he has no claim to;
Some suffering land will rend in twain
The manacles that bound her;
And gather the links of the broken chain
To fasten them proudly round her;
The grand and great will love and hate,
And combat and combine;
And much where we were in Twenty-Eight,
We shall be in Twenty-Nine.

O'Connell will toil to raise the Rent,
And Kenyon to sink the Nation;
And Shiel will abuse the Parliament,
And Peel the Association;
And thought of bayonets and swords
Will make ex-Chancellors merry;
And jokes will be cut in the House of Lords,
And throats in the County of Kerry;
And writers of weight will speculate
On the Cabinet's design;
And just what it did in Twenty-Eight
It will do in Twenty-Nine.

And the Goddess of Love will keep her smiles,
And the God of Cups his orgies;
And there'll be riots in St. Giles,
And weddings in St. George's;
And mendicants will sup like Kings,
And Lords will swear like lacqueys;
And black eyes oft will lead to rings,
And rings will lead to black eyes;
And pretty Kate will scold her mate,
In a dialect all divine;
Alas! they married in Twenty-Eight,
They will part in Twenty-Nine.

My uncle will swathe his gouty limbs,
And talk of his oils and blubbers;
My aunt, Miss Dobbs, will play longer hymns,
And rather longer rubbers;
My cousin in Parliament will prove
How utterly ruined Trade is:
My brother, at Eaton, will fall in love
With half a hundred ladies;
My patron will sate his pride from plate,
And his thirst from Bordeaux wine:
His nose was red in Twenty-Eight,
'Twill be redder in Twenty-Nine.

And oh! I shall find how, day by day,
All thoughts and things look older;
How the laugh of Pleasure grows less gay,
And the heart of Friendship colder;

But still I shall be what I have been,
  Sworn foe to Lady Reason,
And seldom troubled with the spleen,
  And fond of talking treason;
I shall buckle my skait, and leap my gate,
  And throw and write my line;
And the woman I worshipped in Twenty-Eight
  I shall worship in Twenty-Nine.

HOW SHALL I WOO HER?

L'on n'aime bien qu'une seule fois: c'est la premiere.
Les amours qui suivent sont moins involontaires!
La Bruyere.

I.

How shall I woo her?—I will stand
  Beside her when she sings;
And watch that fine and fairy hand
  Flit o'er the quivering strings:
And I will tell her, I have heard,
  Though sweet her song may be,
A voice, whose every whispered word
  Was more than song to me!

II.

How shall I woo her?—I will gaze,
  In sad and silent trance,
On those blue eyes, whose liquid rays
  Look love in every glance;
And I will tell her, eyes more bright,
  Though bright her own may beam,
Will fling a deeper spell to-night
  Upon me in my dream.

III.

How shall I woo her?—I will try
The charms of olden time,
And swear by earth and sea and sky,
And rave in prose and rhyme;—
And I will tell her when I bent
My knee in other years,
I was not half so eloquent,
I could not speak for tears!

IV.

How shall I woo her?—I will bow
Before the holy shrine;
And pray the prayer, and vow the vow,
And press her lips to mine;
And I will tell her, when she parts
From passion's thrilling kiss,
That memory to many hearts
Is dearer far than bliss.

V.

Away! away! the chords are mute,
The bond is rent in twain;—
You cannot wake that silent lute,
Nor clasp those links again;
Love's toil I know is little cost,
Love's perjury is light sin;
But souls that lose what I have lost,—
What have they left to win?

STANZAS.

> The lady of his love, oh, she was changed,
> As by the sickness of the soul!
>
> *Byron.*

> Go thou, while in thy soul, and fill a throne
> Of innocence and purity, in Heaven!
>
> *Ford.*

I KNOW that it must be,
Yea! thou art changed—all worshipped as thou art—
Mourned as thou shalt be! Sickness of the heart
Hath done its work on thee!

Thy dim eyes tell a tale,
A piteous tale, of vigils; and the trace
Of bitter tears is on thy beauteous face,
Beauteous, and yet so pale!

Changed love! but not alone!
I am not what they think me; though my cheek
Wear but its last year's furrow, though I speak
Thus in my natural tone.

The temple of my youth
Was strong in moral purpose: once I felt
The glory of philosophy, and knelt
In the pure shrine of truth.

I went into the storm,
And mocked the billows of the tossing sea;
I said to Fate, "What wilt thou do to me?
I have not harmed a worm!"

Vainly the heart is steeled
In Wisdom's armor; let her burn her books!
I look upon them as the soldier looks
Upon his cloven shield.

Virtue and Virtue's rest,
How have they perished! Through my onward course
Repentance dogs my footsteps! black Remorse
Is my familiar guest!

The glory and the glow
Of the world's loveliness have passed away;
And Fate hath little to inflict, to-day,
And nothing to bestow!

Is not the damning line
Of guilt and grief engraven on me now?
And the fierce passion which hath scathed thy brow,
Hath it not blasted mine?

No matter! I will turn
To the straight path of duty; I have wrought,
At last, my wayward spirit to be taught
What it hath yet to learn.

Labor shall be my lot;
My kindred shall be joyful in my praise;
And Fame shall twine for me, in after days,
A wreath I covet not.

And if I cannot make,
Dearest! thy hope my hope, thy trust my trust,
Yet will I study to be good, and just,
And blameless, for thy sake.

Thou may'st have comfort yet!
Whate'er the source from which those waters glide,
Thou hast found healing mercy in their tide;
Be happy and forget!

Forget me—and farewell!
But say not that in me new hopes and fears,
Or absence, or the lapse of gradual years,
Will break thy memory's spell!

Indelibly, within,
All I have lost is written; and the theme
Which Silence whispers to my thoughts and dreams
Is sorrow still—and sin!

THE CONFESSION OF DON CARLOS.

Oh tell not me of broken vow—
I speak a firmer passion now;
Oh! tell not me of shattered chain—
The link shall never burst again;
My soul is fix'd as firmly here
As the red Sun in his career;
As Victory on Mina's crest,
Or Tenderness in Rosa's breast,
Then do not tell me, while we part,
Of fickle flame, and roving heart;
While Youth shall bow at Beauty's shrine,
That flame shall glow—that heart be thine.

Then wherefore dost thou bid me tell
The tale thy malice knows so well?
I may not disobey thee!—Yes!
Thou bidst me,—and I *will* confess:—
See how adoringly I kneel—
Hear how my folly I reveal;
My folly!—chide me if thou wilt,
Thou shalt not—canst not call it—*guilt.*

And when my faithlessness is told,
Ere thou hast time to play the scold,
I'll haste the fond rebuke to check,
And lean upon thy snowy neck,
Play with its glossy auburn hair,
And hide the blush of falsehood there.

Inez, the innocent and young,
First snared my heart, and waked my song;
We both were harmless, and untaught
To *love* as fashionables ought;
With all the modesty of youth,
We talk'd of constancy and truth;
Grew fond of Music, and the Moon,
And wander'd on the nights of June,
To sit beneath the chestnut-tree,
While the lonely stars shone mellowly,
Shedding a pale and dancing beam
On the wave of Guadalquivir's stream.
And aye we talk'd of faith and feelings,
With no distrustings, no concealings;
And aye we joy'd in stolen glances,
And sigh'd and blush'd, and read romances.
Our love was ardent and sincere,—
And lasted, Rosa—half a year!
And then the maid grew fickle-hearted,
Married Don Jose—so we parted.
At twenty-one, I've often heard,
My bashfulness was quite absurd;
For, with a squeamishness uncommon,
I fear'd to love a married woman.

Fair Leonora's laughing eye
Again awaked my song and sigh:
A gay intriguing dame was she;
And fifty Dons of high degree,
That came and went as they were bid,
Dubb'd her the Beauty of Madrid.
Alas! what constant pains I took
To merit one approving look:
I courted Valor—and the Muse,
Wrote challenges—and billet-doux;
Paid for Sherbet and Serenade,
Fenced with Pegru and Alvarade;
Fought at the Bull-fights like a hero,
Studied small-talk,—and the Bolero;
Play'd the guitar—and play'd the fool;
This out of tune—that out of rule.
I oft at midnight wander'd out,
Wrapt up in love—and my capote,
To muse on beauty—and the skies,
Cold winds—and Lenora's eyes.
Alas! when all my gains were told,
I'd caught a Tartar*—and a cold.
And yet perchance that lovely brow
Had still detain'd my captive vow;
That clear blue eye's enchanting roll
Had still enthrall'd my yielding soul;
But suddenly a vision bright
Came o'er me in a veil of light,

* The original was a Spanish idiom which we found it impossible to render literally; we believe it comes very near to the English expression which we have substituted.

And burst the bond whose fetters bound me,
And broke the spell that hung around me,
Recall'd the heart that madly roved,
And bade me love, and be beloved.
Who was it broke the chain and spell?
Dark-eyed Castilian!—*thou* canst tell!
And am I faithless?—wo the while,
What vow but melts at Rosa's smile?
For broken vows, and faith betrayed,
The guilt is thine, Castilian maid!

The tale is told and I am gone.—
Think of me, loved and lovely one,
When none on earth shall care beside
How Carlos lived, or loved, or died!
Thy love on earth shall be to me
A bird upon a leafless tree—
A bark upon a hopeless wave—
A lily on a tombless grave—
A cheering hope—a living ray,
To light me on a weary way.

And thus is Love's Confession done;
Give me thy parting benison;
And ere I rise from bended knee,
To wander o'er a foreign sea,
Alone and friendless,—ere I don
My pilgrim's hat, and sandal shoon—
Dark-eyed Castilian! let me win
Forgiveness sweet for venial sin;
Let lonely sighs and dreams of thee,
Be penance for my perjury.

TO JULIA,

PREPARING FOR THE FIRST SEASON IN TOWN.

JULIA, while London's fancied bliss
Bids you despise a life like this,
While —— and its joys you leave,
For hopes, that flatter to deceive,
You will not scornfully refuse,
(Though dull the theme, and weak the Muse,)
To look upon my line, and hear
What Friendship sends to Beauty's ear.

Four miles from Town, a neat abode
O'erlooks a rose-bush, and a road;
A paling, clean'd with constant care,
Surrounds ten yards of neat parterre,
Where dusty ivy strives to crawl
Five inches up the whiten'd wall.
The open window thickly set
With myrtle, and with mignionette,
Behind whose cultivated row
A brace of globes peep out for show;

The avenue—the burnish'd plate,
That decks the would-be rustic gate,
Denote the fane where Fashion dwells,
—"Lyce's Academy for Belles."

'Twas here, in earlier, happier days,
Rétired from pleasure's weary maze,
You found, unknown to care or pain,
The peace you will not find again.
Here Friendships, far too fond to last,
A bright, but fleeting radiance cast,
On every sport that Mirth devised,
And every scene that Childhood prized,
And every bliss, that bids you yet
Recall those moments with regret.

Those friends have mingled in the strife
That fills the busy scene of life,
And Pride and Folly—Cares and Fears,
Look dark upon their future years:
But by their wrecks may Julia learn,
Whither her fragile bark to turn;
And, o'er the troubled sea of fate,
Avoid the rocks they found too late.

You know Camilla—o'er the plain
She guides the fiery hunter's rein;
First in the chace she sounds the horn,
Trampling to earth the farmer's corn,
That hardly deign'd to bend its head,
Beneath her namesake's lighter tread.

With Bob the Squire, her polish'd lover,
She wields the gun, or beats the cover;
And then her steed!—why! every clown
Tells how she rubs Smolensko down,
And combs the mane, and cleans the hoof,
While wondering hostlers stand aloof.

At night, before the Christmas fire
She plays backgammon with the Squire;
Shares in his laugh, and his liquor,
Mimics her father and the Vicar;
Swears at the grooms—without a blush
Dips in her ale the captured brush,
Until —— her father duly tired—
The parson's wig as duly fired—
The dogs all still —the Squire asleep,
And dreaming of his usual leap—
She leaves the dregs of white and red,
And lounges languidly to bed;
And still in nightly visions borne,
She gallops o'er the rustic's corn;
Still wields the lash—still shakes the box,
Dreaming of "sixes"—and the fox.

And this is bliss—the story runs,
Camilla never wept—save once;
Yes! once indeed Camilla cried—
'Twas when her dear Blue-stockings died.

Pretty Cordelia thinks she's ill—
She seeks her med'cine at Quadrille;

With hope, and fear, and envy sick,
She gazes on the dubious trick,
As if eternity were laid
Upon a diamond, or a spade.
And I have seen a transient pique
Wake, o'er that soft and girlish cheek,
A chilly and a feverish hue,
Blighting the soil where Beauty grew,
And bidding Hate and Malice rove
In eyes that ought to beam with love.

Turn we to Fannia—she was fair
As the soft fleeting forms of air,
Shaped by the fancy—fitting theme
For youthful bard's enamor'd dream.
The neck, on whose transparent glow,
The auburn ringlets sweetly flow,
The eye that swims in liquid fire,
The brow that frowns in playful ire;
All these, when Fannia's early youth
Look'd lovely in its native truth,
Diffused a bright, unconscious grace,
Almost divine, o'er form and face.

Her lip has lost its fragrant dew,
Her cheek has lost its rosy hue,
Her eye the glad enlivening rays
That glitter'd there in happier days,
Her heart the ignorance of wo
Which Fashion's votaries may not know.

The city's smoke—the noxious air—
The constant crowd—the torch's glare—
The morning sleep—the noonday call—
The late repast—the midnight ball,
Bid Faith and Beauty die, and taint
Her heart with frand, her face with paint.

And what the boon, the prize enjoy'd,
For fame defaced, and peace destroyed!
Why ask we this? With conscious grace
She criticises silk and lace;
Queen of the modes, she reigns alike
O'er sarcenet, bobbin, net, vandyke,
O'er rouge and ribbons, combs and curls,
Perfumes and patches, pins and pearls;
Feelings and faintings, songs and sighs,
Small-talk and scandal, love and lies.

Circled by beaux behold her sit,
While Dandies tremble at her wit;
The Captain hates "a woman's gab;"
"A devil!" cries the shy Cantab;
The young Etonian strives to fly
The glance of her sarcastic eye,
For well he knows she looks him o'er,
To stamp him "buck," or dub him "bore."

Such is her life—a life of waste,
A life of wretchedness—and *taste*.
And all the glory Fannia boasts,
And all the price that glory costs,

At once are reckon'd up, in one—
One word of bliss and folly —— *Ton.*

Not these the thoughts that could perplex
The fancies of our fickle sex,
When England's favorite, good Queen Bess,
Was Queen alike o'er war and dress.
Then ladies gay play'd *chesse*—and ballads,
And learnt to dress their hair—and salads;
Sweets—and sweet looks were studied then,
And both were pleasing to the men;
For cookery was allied to taste,
And girls were taught to blush—and baste.
Dishes were bright—and so were eyes,
And lords made love—and ladies pies.

Then Valor won the wavering field,
By dint of hauberk and of shield;
And Beauty won the wavering heart,
By dint of pickle, and of tart.
The minuet was the favorite dance,
Girls loved the needle—boys the lance;
And Cupid took his constant post
At dinner, by the boil'd and roast,
Or secretly was wont to lurk,
In tournament, or needle-work.
Oh! 'twas a reign of all delights,
Of hot *Sir*-loins,—and hot *Sir* knights;
Feasting and fighting, hand in hand,
Fatten'd, and glorified the land;

And noble chiefs had noble cheer,
And knights grew strong upon strong beer;
Honor and oxen both were nourish'd,
And chivalry—and pudding flourish'd.

I'd rather see that magic face,
That look of love, that form of grace,
Circled by whalebone, and by ruffs,
Intent on puddings, and on puffs,
I'd rather view thee thus, than see
"A Fashionable" rise in thee.
If Life is dark, 'tis not for you,
(If partial Friendship's voice is true)
To cure its griefs, and drown its cares,
By leaping gates, and murdering hares,
Nor to confine that feeling soul,
To winning lovers—or the vole.

If these and such pursuits are thine,
Julia! thou art no friend of mine!
I love plain dress—I eat plain joints,
I canot play ten guinea points,
I make no study of a pin,
And hate a female whipper-in.

LINES TO FLORENCE.

Long years have pass'd with silent pace,
Florence! since you and I have met;
Yet—when that meeting I retrace,
My cheek is pale, my eye is wet;
For I was doom'd from thence to rove,
O'er distant tracts of earth and sea,
Unaided, Florence!—save by love;
And unremember'd—save by thee!
We met! and hope beguiled our fears,
Hope, ever bright, and ever vain;
We parted thence in silent tears,
Never to meet—in life—again.
The myrtle that I gaze upon,
Sad token by thy love devised,
Is all the record left of one
So long bewail'd—so dearly prized.
You gave it in an hour of grief,
When gifts of love are doubly dear;
You gave it—and one tender leaf
Glisten'd the while with Beauty's tear.

A tear—oh lovelier far to me,
Shed for me in my saddest hour,
Than bright and flattering smiles could be,
In courtly hall or summer bower,
You strove my anguish to beguile,
With distant hopes of future weal;
You strove!—alas! you could not smile,
Nor speak the hope you did not feel.
I bore the gift Affection gave,
O'er desert sand and thorny brake,
O'er rugged rock and stormy wave,
I loved it for the giver's sake;
And often in my happiest day,
In scenes of bliss and hours of pride,
When all around was glad and gay,
I look'd upon the gift—and sigh'd:
And when on ocean, or on clift,
Forth strode the Spirit of the Storm,
I gazed upon thy fading gift,
I thought upon thy fading form;
Forgot the lightning's vivid dart,
Forgot the rage of sky and sea,
Forgot the doom that bade us part—
And only lived to love and thee.
Florence! thy myrtle blooms! but thou,
Beneath thy cold and lowly stone,
Forgetful of our mutual vow,
And of a heart—still all thine own,
Art laid in that unconscious sleep,
Which he that wails thee soon must know,

Where none may smile, and none may weep,
None dream of bliss, or wake to wo.
If e'er, as Fancy oft will feign,
To that dear spot which gave thee birth
Thy fleeting shade returns again,
To look on him thou lov'dst on earth,
It may a moment's joy impart,
To know that this, thy favorite tree,
Is to my desolated heart
Almost as dear as thou could'st be.
My Florence!—soon—the thought is sweet!
The turf that wraps thee I shall press;
Again, my Florence! we shall meet,
In bliss—or in forgetfulness.
With thee in Death's oblivion laid,
I will not have the cypress gloom
To throw its sickly, sullen shade,
Over the stillness of my tomb:
And there the 'scutcheon shall not shine,
And there the banner shall not wave;
The treasures of the glittering mine
Would ill become a lover's grave:
But when from this abode of strife
My liberated shade shall roam,
Thy myrtle, that has cheer'd my life
Shall decorate my narrow home:
And it shall bloom in beauty there,
Like Florence in her early day;
Or, nipp'd by cold December's air,
Whither—like Hope and thee—away.

STANZAS.

O'ER yon Churchyard the storm may lower;
  But, heedless of the wintry air,
  One little bud shall linger there,
A still and trembling flower.

Unscathed by long revolving years,
  Its tender leaves shall flourish yet,
  And sparkle in the moonlight, wet
With the pale dew of tears.

And where thine humble ashes lie,
  Instead of 'scutcheon or of stone,
  It rises o'er thee, lonely one,
Child of obscurity!

Mild was thy voice as Zephyr's breath,
  Thy cheek with flowing locks was shaded!
  But the voice hath died, the cheek hath faded
In the cold breeze of death!

Brightly thine eye was smiling, Sweet!
But now Decay hath still'd its glancing;
Warmly thy little heart was dancing,
But it hath ceased to beat!

A few short months—and thou wert here!
Hope sat upon thy youthful brow;
And what is thy memorial now?
A flower—and a Tear.

CASSANDRA.

"They hurried to the feast,
The warrior and the priest,
And the gay maiden with her jeweled brow;
The minstrel's harp and voice
Said 'Triumph and rejoice!'
One only mourned!—many are mourning now!

"'Peace! startle not the light
With the wild dreams of night;'—
So spake the Princes in their pride and joy,
When I in their dull ears
Shrieked forth my tale of tears,
'Wo to the gorgeous city, wo to Troy!'—

"Ye watch the dun smoke rise
Up to the lurid skies;
Ye see the red light flickering on the stream;
Ye listen to the fall
Of gate, and tower, and wall;
Sisters, the time is come!—alas, it is no dream!

"Through hall, and court, and porch,
Glides on the pitiless torch;
The swift avengers faint not in their toil:
Vain now the matron's sighs;
Vain now the infant's cries;
Look, sisters, look, who leads them to the spoil?

"Not Pyrrhus, though his hand
Is on his father's brand;
Not the fell framer of the accursed Steed;
Not Nestor's hoary head;
Nor Teucer's rapid tread;
Nor the fierce wrath of impious Diomede.

"Visions of deeper fear
To-night are warring here;—
I know them, sisters, the mysterious Three;
Minerva's lightning frown,
And Juno's golden crown,
And him the mighty ruler of the sounding sea.

"Through wailing and through wo,
Silent and stern they go;—
So have I ever seen them in my trance!
Exultingly they guide
Destruction's fiery tide,
And lift the dazzling shield, and poise the deadly lance.

"Lo! where the old man stands,
Folding his palsied hands,
And muttering with white lips, his querulous prayer:

'Where is my noble son,
My best, my bravest one,—
Troy's hope and Priam's,—where is Hector, where?'

"Why is thy falchion grasped?
Why is thy helmet clasped?
Fitter the fillet for such brow as thine!
The altar reeks with gore;
Oh sisters, look no more!
It is our father's blood upon the shrine!

"And ye, alas! must roam
Far from your desolate home,
Far from lost Ilium, o'er the joyless wave;
Ye may not from those bowers
Gather the trampled flowers,
To wreathe sad garlands for your brethren's grave.

"Away, away! the gale
Stirs the white bosomed sail;
Hence!—look not back to freedom or to fame;
Labor must be your doom,
Night-watchings, days of gloom,
The bitter bread of tears, the bridal couch of shame.

"Even now some Grecian dame
Beholds the signal flame,
And waits expectant the returning fleet;
'Why lingers yet my lord?
Hath he not sheathed his sword—
Will he not bring my handmaid to my feet?'

"Me too the dark Fates call;
Their sway is over all,
Captor and captive, prison-house and throne;—
I tell of others' lot;
They hear me, heed me not!
Hide, angry Phœbus, hide from me mine own."

SONNET TO ADA.

The touching pathos of thy low sweet voice
Fell on my heart, like dew on wither'd flowers,
And brought such memory of departed hours
As made me weep—yet in my tears rejoice.
For one I loved—now lost to me for ever—
Breathed even so the soul of melody,
And—since that voice has perish'd—never, never,
Till I heard thine, such sounds had greeted me.
E'en now thy tones, recall'd by night and day,
Linger in Memory's echo-haunted cell,
Thrilling sweet agony: nor know I well
Whether to chide them, or to bid them stay.
At times I scarce can bear the pain'd regret
Which they excite—then cry, Oh do not leave me yet!

MY LITTLE COUSINS.

E voi ridete?—Certo ridiamo.
Così fan tutte.

LAUGH on, fair cousins, for to you
All life is joyous yet;
Your hearts have all things to pursue,
And nothing to regret;
And every flower to you is fair,
And every month is May;
You've not been introduced to Care,—
Laugh on, laugh on, to-day!

Old Time will fling his clouds ere long
Upon those sunny eyes;
The voice whose every word is song,
Will set itself to sighs;
Your quiet slumbers,—hopes and fears
Will chase their rest away;
To-morrow, you'll be shedding tears,—
Laugh on, laugh on, to-day!

Oh yes; if any truth is found
In the dull schoolman's theme,—
If friendship is an empty sound,
And love an idle dream,—

If mirth, youth's playmate, feels fatigue
Too soon on life's long way,
At least he'll run with you a league,—
Laugh on, laugh on, to-day!

Perhaps your eyes may grow more bright
As childhood's hues depart;
You may be lovelier to the sight,
And dearer to the heart;
You may be sinless still, and see
This earth still green and gay;
But what you are you will not be,
Laugh on, laugh on, to-day!

O'er me have many winters crept,
With less of grief than joy;
But I have learned, and toiled, and wept,—
I am no more a boy!
I've never had the gout, 't is true,
My hair is hardly gray;
But now I cannot laugh like you;
Laugh on, laugh on, to-day!

I used to have as glad a face,
As shadowless a brow:
I once could run as blithe a race
As you are running now;
But never mind how I behave,
Don't interrupt your play,
And though I look so very grave,
Laugh on, laugh on, to-day.

ARMINIUS.

Back, back;—he fears not foaming flood
  Who fears not steel clad line:—
No warrior thou of German blood,
  No brother thou of mine.
Go earn Rome's chain to load thy neck,
  Her gems to deck thy hilt;
And blazon honor's hapless wreck
  With all the gauds of guilt.

But wouldst thou have *me* share the prey?
  By all that I have done,
The Varian bones that day by day
  Lie whitening in the sun;
The legion's trampled panoply,
  The eagle's shattered wing,
I would not be for earth or sky
  So scorned and mean a thing.

Ho, call me here the wizard, boy,
  Of dark and subtle skill,
To agonize but not destroy,
  To torture, not to kill.

When swords are out, and shriek and shout
  Leave little room for prayer,
No fetter on man's arm or heart
  Hangs half so heavy there.

I curse him by the gifts the land
  Hath won from him and Rome,
The riving axe, the wasting brand,
  Rent forest blazing home.
I curse him by our country's gods,
  The terrible, the dark,
The breakers of the Roman rods,
  The smiters of the bark.

Oh, misery, that such a ban
  On such a brow should be!
Why comes he not in battle's van
  His country's chief to be?
To stand a comrade by my side,
  The sharer of my fame,
And worthy of a brother's pride,
  And of a brother's name?

But it is past!—where heroes press
  And cowards bend the knee,
Arminius is not brotherless,
  His brethren are the free.
They come around:—one hour, and light
  Will fade from turf and tide,
Then onward, onward to the fight,
  With darkness for our guide.

To-night, to-night, when we shall meet
In combat face to face,
Then only would Arminius greet
The renegade's embrace.
The canker of Rome's guilt shall be
Upon his dying name;
And as he lived in slavery,
So shall he fall in shame.

VERSES

ON SEEING THE SPEAKER ASLEEP IN HIS CHAIR IN ONE OF THE DEBATES OF THE FIRST REFORMED PARLIAMENT.

Sleep, Mr. Speaker, 't is surely fair
If you may n't in your bed, that you should in your chair.
Louder and longer now they grow,
Tory and Radical, Ay and No;
Talking by night and talking by day.
Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep while you may!

Sleep, Mr. Speaker; slumber lies
Light and brief on a Speaker's eyes.
Fielden or Finn in a minute or two
Some disorderly thing will do;
Riot will chase repose away—
Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep while you may!

Sleep, Mr. Speaker. Sweet to men
Is the sleep that cometh but now and then,
Sweet to the weary, sweet to the ill,
Sweet to the children that work in the mill.
You have more need of repose than they—
Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep while you may!

Sleep, Mr. Speaker, Harvey will soon
Move to abolish the sun and the moon;
Hume will no doubt be taking the sense
Of the House on a question of sixteen pence.
Statesmen will howl, and patriots bray—
Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep while you may!

Sleep, Mr. Speaker, and dream of the time,
When loyalty was not quite a crime,
When Grant was a pupil in Canning's school,
And Palmerston fancied Wood a fool.
Lord, how principles pass away—
Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep while you may.

I REMEMBER HOW MY CHILDHOOD FLEETED.

I REMEMBER, I remember,
How my childhood fleeted by—
The mirth of its December,
And the warmth of its July;
On my brow, love, on my brow, love,
There are no signs of care,
But my pleasure's are not now, love,
What childhood's pleasure's were:

Then the bowers, then the bowers
Were as blithe as blithe could be,
And all their radiant flowers
Were coronals for me:
Gems to-night, love, gems to-night, love,
Are gleaming in my hair;
But they are not half so bright, love,
As childhood's roses were.

I was merry, I was merry,
When my little lovers came—
With a lily, or a cherry,
Or a new invented game:
Now I've you, love, now I've you, love,
To kneel before me there;
But you know you're not so true, love,
As childhood's lovers were.

MEMORY.

Nessun magglor dolore
Che recordarsi del tempe felici,
Nella miseria.

Dante.

I.

Stand on a funeral mound,
Far, far from all that love thee;
With a barren heath around,
And a cypress bower above thee:
And think, while the sad wind frets,
And the night in cold gloom closes,
Of spring, and spring's sweet violets,
Of summer, and summer's roses.

II.

Sleep where the thunders fly
Across the tossing billow;
Thy canopy the sky,
And the lonely deck thy pillow:
And dream, while the chill sea-foam
In mockery dashes o'er thee,
Of the cheerful hearth, and the quiet home,
And the kiss of her that bore thee.

III.

Watch in the deepest cell
  Of the foeman's dungeon tower,
Till hope's most cherished spell
  Has lost its cheering power;
And sing, while the galling chain
  On every stiff limb freezes,
Of the huntsman hurrying o'er the plain,
  Of the breath of the mountain breezes.

IV.

Talk of the minstrel's lute,
  The warrior's high endeavor,
When the honeyed lips are mute,
  And the strong arm crushed for ever:
Look back to the summer sun,
  From the mist of dark December;
Then say to the broken-hearted one,
  "'Tis pleasant to remember!"

TELL HIM I LOVE HIM YET.

Tell him, I love him yet,
  Ah, in that joyous time!
Tell him, I ne'er forget,
  Though memory now be crime.

Tell him, when fades the light
  Upon the earth and sea,
I dream of him by night—
  He must not dream of me!

Green, green upon his brow
  The laurel wreath shall be—
Although that laurel now
  Must not be shared with me!

Tell him to smile again
  In pleasure's dazzling throng,
To wear another's chain,
  To praise another's song!

Before the loveliest there,
  I'd have him bend the knee,
And breathe to her the prayer
  He used to breathe to me!

Tell him, that day by day,
  Life looks to me more dim—
I falter when I pray—
  Although I pray for him.

And bid him when I die,
  Come to our fav'rite tree—
I shall not hear him sigh—
  —Nor let him sigh for me!

THE RACE.*

The sun hath shed a mellower beam,
Fair Thames, upon thy silvery stream,
And air and water, earth and heaven,
Lie in the calm repose of even.
How silently the breeze moves on,
Flutters, and whispers, and is gone,
How calmly does the quiet sky
Sleep in its cold serenity!
Alas! how sweet a scene were here
For shepherd or for sonneteer;
How fit the place, how fit the time,
For making love, or making rhyme!
But though the sun's descending ray
Smiles warmly on the close of day
'Tis not to gaze upon the light
That Eton's sons are here to-night;
And though the river, calm and clear,
Makes music to the poet's ear,

* Fragments of a description of the procession of Eton boats by the river, and Eton cavaliers by land, to Surly Hall, on the evening of "Election Saturday"—the last poem written by Praed while at Eton.

'Tis not to listen to the sound
That Eton's sons are thronging round.
The sun unheeded may decline,
Blue eyes send out a brighter shine;
The wave may cease its gurgling moan,
Glad voices have a sweeter tone;
For, in our calendar of bliss,
We have no hour so gay as this,
When the kind hearts and brilliant eyes
Of those we know, and love, and prize,
Are come to cheer the captive's thrall,
And smile upon his festival.

Stay, Pegasus,—and let me ask,
Ere I go onward in my task,
Pray, reader,—were you ever here
Just at this season of the year?
No?—then the end of next July
Should bring you with admiring eye,
To hear us row, and see us row,
And cry—"How fast them boys does go!"

Lord! what would be the cynic's mirth,
If fate would lift him to the earth,
And set his tub, with magic jump,
Squat down beside the Brocas clump!
What scoffs the sage would utter there,
From his unpolish'd elbow-chair,
To see the sempstress' handy-work,
The Greek confounded with the Turk,

Parisian mix'd with Piedmontese,
And Persian join'd to Portuguese;
And mantles short, and mantles long,
And mantles right, and mantles wrong,
Misshaped, miscolor'd, and misplaced,
With what the tailor calls—a taste.
And then the badges, and the boats,
The flags, the drums, the paint, the boats;
But more than these, and more than all,
The pullers' intermitted call,
"Easy!"—"Hard all!"—"Now pick her up!"
"Upon my life, how I shall sup!"

* * * * *

The boats put off!—throughout the crowd
The tumult thickens; wide and loud
The din re-echoes; man and horse
Plunge onward in their mingled course.
Look at the troop: I love to see
Our real Etonian Cavalry;
They start in such a pretty trim,
And such sweet scorn of life and limb.
I must confess I never found
A horse much worse for being sound;
I wish my Nag not wholly blind,
And like to have a tail behind;
And though he certainly may hear
Correctly with a single ear,
I think, to look genteel and neat,
He ought to have his two complete.

But these are trifles! off they go
Beside the wondering River's flow;
And if, by dint of spur and whip,
They shamble on, without a trip,
Well have they done! I make no question
They're shaken into good digestion.

I and my Muse,—my Muse and I,
Will follow with the Company,
And get to Surly Hall in time
To make a Supper and a Rhyme.

* * * *

Hark! hark! a mellow'd note
Over the water seem'd to float!
Hark! the note repeated!
A sweet, and soft, and soothing strain,
Echoed, and died, and rose again,
As if the Nymphs of Fairy reign
Were holding to-night their revel rout,
And pouring their fragrant voices out,
On the blue waters seated.
Hark to the tremulous tones that flow,
And the voice of the boatmen as they row!
Cheerfully to the heart they go,
And touch a thousand pleasant strings,
Of Triumph, and Pride, and Hope, and Joy,
And thoughts that are only known to Boy,
And young Imaginings!
The note is near, the Voice comes clear,
And we catch its Echo on the ear,

With a feeling of delight;
And as the gladdening sounds we hear,
There's many an eager listener here,
And many a straining sight.
One moment,—and ye see
Where, fluttering quick, as the breezes blow,
Backwards and forwards, to and fro;
Bright with the beam of retiring day,
Old Eton's flag, on its watery way
Moves on triumphantly;
But what, that Ancient Poets have told,
Of Amphitrite's Car of Gold
With the Nymphs behind, and the Nymphs before,
And the Nerid's song, and the Triton's roar,
Could equal half the pride,
That heralds the Monarch's plashing oar,
Over the swelling tide?
And look!—they land, those gallant crews,
With their jackets light, and their bellying trews;

* * * * *

Yet e'en on this triumphant day
One thought of grief will rise;
And though I bid my fancy play,
And jest and laugh through all the lay,
Yet sadness still will have her way,
And burst the vain disguise!
Yes! when the pageant shall have past,
I shall have look'd upon my last;
I shall not e'er behold again
Our pullers' unremitted strain;

Nor listen to the charming cry
Of contest or of victory,
That speaks what those young bosoms feel,
As keel is pressing fast on keel;
Oh! bright these glories still shall be,
But they shall never dawn for me.

CHARADES.

I.

THERE *was* a time young Roland thought
His huntsman's call was worth a dozen
Of those sweet notes his ear had caught
In boyhood, from his blue-eyed cousin.
How is it *now* that by my first
Silent he sits, nor cares to follow
His deep-mouth'd stag-hound's matin burst,
His clear-ton'd huntsman's joyous hollo?

How is it now, when Isabel
Breathes one low note of those sweet numbers,
That every thought of hill and dell,
And *all*—save that sweet minstrel—slumbers.
Why does he feel that long, dull pain
Within my Second when she leaves him?
When shall his falcon fly again?
When shall he break the spell that grieves him?

And Isabel—how is it, too,
That sadness o'er that young brow closes?
How hath her eye lost half its blue?
How have her cheeks lost all their roses?

Still on her lute sweet numbers dwell,
  Still magic seems the breath that sways it;
But, oh! how changed the tone and spell,
  If Roland be not there to praise it!

One summer's eve, while Isabel
  Sang till the starlight came to greet her,
A tear from Roland's eyelid fell,
  And warp'd the string and spoil'd the metre.
She could not sing another note;
  Wherefore, or why, I've not a notion;
And *he*—the swelling in *his* throat
  Seemed working from some poisonous potion.

I know not—I—how sigh or tear
  Cause these hysterical effusions;
But from that eve, one little year
  Witnessed, you'll say, such strange conclusions.
Beside my All I saw them sit;
  And that same lute of song so tender—
A little child was thumping it
  With all his might—against the fender!

And Isabel—she sang no more,
  But ever that small urchin followed;
Who with the lute upon the floor,
  Like a young dryad, whooped and holloed!
And Roland's hound is heard again,
  And Roland's hawk hath loosened jesses!
But Roland's smile is brightest when
  Beside my All his boy he presses.

II.

Sir Harry is famed for his amiable way
Of talking a deal when he's nothing to say:
Sir Harry will sit by our Rosalie's side,
And whisper from morn until eventide;
Yet, if you would ask of that maiden fair
What Sir Harry said while he lingered there;
Were the maiden as clever as L. E. L.
Not a word that he said could the maiden tell!

Sir Harry has ears, and Sir Harry has eyes,
And Sir Harry has teeth of the usual size;
His nose is a nose of the every-day sort—
Not exceedingly long, nor excessively short;
And his breath, tho' resembling in naught the "sweet south,"
Is inhaled through his lips, and exhaled from his mouth;
And yet from the hour that Sir Harry was nursed,
People said that his *head* was no more than my *First!*

Sir Harry has ringlets he curls every day,
And a fortune he spends in pomatums, they say;
He is just such a youth as our Rosalie bides with,
When she has'nt got *me* to take waltzes or rides with;
But not such a one as, I ween, she would choose,
Were a youth that *I* know to be caught in the noose;
For I've oft heard her say—tho' so flighty she's reckoned—
That she'd ne'er take a bridegroom who hadn't my *Second!*

Sir Harry sat out, the last visit he paid,
From when breakfast was over, till dinner was laid!
He talked, in his usual lady-like way,
Of the ball and the ballet—the park and the play.
Little Rosa, who hoped, ere the *whole* day had passed,
That the youth would speak out, to the purpose, at last,
When evening at length was beginning to fall,
Declared that Sir Harry was naught but my *All!*

III.

Morning is beaming o'er brake and bower,
Hark! to the chimes from yonder tower,
Call ye my First from her chamber now,
With her snowy veil and her jeweled brow.

Lo! where my Second, in gorgeous array,
Leads from his stable her beautiful bay,
Looking for her, as he curvets by,
With an arching neck, and a glancing eye.

Spread is the banquet, and studied the song;
Ranged in meet order the menial throng,
Jerome is ready with book and stole,
And the maidens fling flowers, but where is my Whole.

Look to the hill, is he climbing its side?
Look to the stream—is he crossing its tide?
Out on the false one! he comes not yet—
Lady, forget him, yea, scorn and forget.

IV.

"My first was dark o'er earth and air,
As dark as she could be!
The stars that gemmed her ebon hair
Were only two or three:
King Cole saw twice as many there
As you or I could see.

"'Away, King Cole,' mine hostess said,
'Flagon and flask are dry;
Your nag is neighing in the shed,
For he knows a storm is nigh.'
She set my Second on his head,
And she set it all awry."

V.

Come from my First, ay, come!
The battle dawn is nigh;
And the screaming trump and the thund'ring drum
Are calling thee to die!
Fight as thy father fought,
Fall as thy father fell,
Thy task is taught, thy shroud is wrought;
So—forward! and farewell!

Toll ye, my Second! toll!
Fling high the flambeau's light;
And sing the hymn for a parted soul,
Beneath the silent night!

The wreath upon his head,
The cross upon his breast,
Let the prayer be said, and the tear be shed:
So—take him to his rest!

Call ye my Whole, ay, call!
The lord of lute and lay;
And let him greet the sable pall
With a noble song to-day;
Go, call him by his name;
No fitter hand may crave
To light the flame of a soldier's fame
On the turf of a soldier's grave.

VI.

Sir Hilary charged at Agincourt,—
Sooth 'twas an awful day!
And though in that old age of sport
The rufflers of the camp and court
Had little time to-pray,
'Tis said Sir Hilary muttered there
Two syllables by way of prayer.

My *First* to all the brave and proud
Who see to-morrow's sun;
My *Next* with her cold and quiet cloud
To those who find their dewy shroud
Before to-day's be done;
And both together to all blue eyes
That weep when a warrior nobly dies.

VII.

He talked of daggers and of darts,
Of passions and of pains,
Of weeping eyes and wounded hearts,
Of kisses and of chains;
He said, though love was kin to grief,
He was not born to grieve;
He said, though many rued belief,
She safely might believe;
But still the lady shook her head,
And swore, by yea and nay,
My Whole was all that he had said,
And all that he could say.

He said, my First—whose silent car
Was slowly wandering by,
Veiled in a vapor faint and far
Though the unfathomed sky—
Was like the smile whose rosy light
Across her young lips passed,
Yet oh! it was not half so bright,
It changed not half so fast;
But still the lady shook her head,
And swore, by yea and nay,
My Whole was all that he had said,
And all that he could say.

And then he set a cypress wreath
Upon his raven hair,
And drew his rapier from its sheath,
Which made the lady stare;

And said, his life-blood's purple flow
My second there should dim,
If she he loved and worshipped so
Would only weep for him;
But still the lady shook her head,
And swore by yea and nay,
My Whole was all that he had said,
And all that he could say.

VIII.

My *First* came forth in booted state,
For fair Valencia bound;
And smiled to feel my *Second's* weight,
And hear its creaking sound.

"And here's a goaler sweet," quoth he,
"You cannot bribe or cozen;
To keep one ward in custody
Wise men will forge a dozen."

But daybreak saw a lady guide
My *Whole* across the plain,
With a handsome cavalier beside,
To hold her bridle-rein:

And "blessings on the bonds," quoth he,
"Which wrinkled age imposes,
If woman must a prisoner be,
Her chain should be of roses."

IX.

I graced Don Pedro's revelry,
  All dressed in fire and feather,
When loveliness and chivalry,
  Were met to feast together.
He flung the slave who moved the lid,
  A purse of maravedis;
And this that gallant Spaniard did,
  For me and for the ladies.

He vowed a vow, that noble knight,
  Before he went to table,
To make his only sport the fight,
  His only couch the stable,
Till he had dragged as he was bid
  Five score of Turks to Cadiz;—
And this that gallant Spaniard did,
  For me and for the ladies.

To ride through mountains, where my *First*
  A banquet would be reckoned;
Through deserts, where to quench their thirst
  Men vainly turn my *Second.*
To leave the gates of fair Madrid,
  And dare the gates of Hades;—
And this that gallant Spaniard did,
  For me and for the ladies.

AUSTRALASIA.

PRIZE POEM AT TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, 1822.

The sun is high in heaven; a favoring breeze
Fills the white sail, and sweeps the rippling seas,
And the tall vessel walks her destined way,
And rocks and glitters in the curling spray.
Among the shrouds, all happiness and hope,
The busy seaman coils the rattling rope,
And tells his jest, and carols out his song,
And laughs his laughter, vehement and long;
Or pauses on the deck, to dream awhile
Of his babe's prattle, and their mother's smile,
And nods the head, and waves the welcome hand,
To those who weep upon the lessening strand.

His is the roving step and humor dry,
His the light laugh, and his the jocund eye;
And his the feeling, which, in guilt or grief,
Makes the sin venial, and the sorrow brief.
But there are hearts, that merry deck below,
Of darker error, and of deeper wo,
Children of wrath and wretchedness, who grieve
Not for the country, but the crimes they leave,

Who, while for them on many a sleepless bed
The prayer is murmur'd, and the tear is shed,
In exile and in misery, lock within
Their dread despair, their unrepented sin,—
And in their madness dare to gaze on heaven,
Sullen and cold, unawed and unforgiven!

There the gaunt robber, stern in sin and shame,
Shows his dull features and his iron frame;
And tenderer pilferers creep in silence by,
With quiv'ring lip, flush'd brow, and vacant eye.
And some there are who, in their close of day,
With dropping jaw, weak step, and temples gray,
Go tott'ring forth, to find, across the wave,
A short sad sojourn, and a foreign grave;
And some, who look their long and last adieu
To the white cliffs that vanish from the view,
While youth still blooms, and vigor nerves the arm,
The blood flows freely, and the pulse beats warm.
The hapless female stands in silence there,
So weak, so wan, and yet so sadly fair,
That those who gaze, a rude untutor'd tribe,
Check the coarse question, and the wounding gibe,
And look, and long to strike the fetter off,
And stay to pity, though they came to scoff.
Then o'er the cheek there runs a burning blush,
And the hot tears of shame begin to rush
Forth from their swelling orbs;—she turns away,
And her white fingers o'er her eye-lids stray,
And still the tears through those white fingers glide,
Which strive to check them, or at least to hide!

And there the stripling, led to plunder's school,
Ere passion slept, or reason learn'd to rule,
Clasps his young hands, and beats his throbbing brain,
And looks with marvel on his galling chain.
Oh! you may guess from that unconscious gaze
His soul hath dream'd of those far fading days,
When, rudely nurtured on the mountain's brow,
He tended day by day his father's plough;
Blest in his day of toil, his night of ease,
His life of purity, his soul of peace.
Oh, yes! to-day his soul hath backward been
To many a tender face, and beauteous scene;
The verdant valley and the dark brown hill,
The small fair garden, and its tinkling rill,
His grandame's tale, believed at twilight hour,
His sister singing in her myrtle bower,
And she, the maid, of every hope bereft,
So fondly loved, alas! so falsely left;
The winding path, the dwelling in the grove,
The look of welcome, and the kiss of love—
These are his dreams;—but these are dreams of bliss!
Why do they blend with such a lot as his?

And is there naught for him but grief and gloom,
A lone existence, and an early tomb?
Is there no hope of comfort and of rest
To the scar'd conscience, and the troubled breast?
Oh, say not so! In some far distant clime,
Where lives no witness of his early crime,
Benignant Penitence may haply muse
On purer pleasures, and on brighter views,

And slum'bring Virtue wake at last to claim
Another being, and a fairer fame.

Beautiful land! within whose quiet shore
Lost spirits may forget the stain they bore:
Beautiful land! with all thy blended shades
Of waste and wood, rude rocks, and level glades,
On thee, on thee I gaze, as moslems look
To the blest islands of their prophet's book;
And oft I deem that, link'd by magic spell,
Pardon and peace upon thy valleys dwell,
Like to sweet houris beck'ning o'er the deep,
The souls that tremble, and the eyes that weep.
Therefore on thee undying sunbeams throw
Their clearest radiance, and their warmest glow;
And tranquil nights, cool gales, and gentle showers
Make bloom eternal in thy sinless bowers.
Green is thy turf; stern winter doth not dare
To breathe his blast, and leave a ruin there,
And the charm'd ocean roams thy rocks around,
With softer motion, and with sweeter sound:
Among thy blooming flowers and blushing fruit
The whisp'ring of young birds is never mute,
And never doth the streamlet cease to well
Through its old channel in the hidden dell.
Oh! if the Muse of Greece had ever stray'd,
In solemn twilight, through thy forest shade,
And swept her lyre, and waked thy meads along
The liquid echo of her ancient song,
Her fabling Fancy in that hour had found
Voices of music, shapes of grace, around;

Among thy trees, with merry step and glance,
The Dryad then had wound her wayward dance,
And the cold Naiad in thy waters fair
Bathed her white breast, and wrung her dripping hair

Beautiful Land! upon so pure a plain
Shall Superstition hold her hated reign?
Must Bigotry build up her cheerless shrine
In such an air, on such an earth as thine?
Alas! Religion from thy placid isles
Veils the warm splendor of her heavenly smiles,
And the wrapt gazer in the beauteous plan
See nothing dark except the soul of Man.

Sweet are the links that bind us to our kind,
Meek, but unyielding,—felt, but undefined;
Sweet is the love of brethren, sweet the joy
Of a young mother in her cradled toy,
And sweet is childhood's deep and earnest glow
Of reverence for a father's head of snow!
Sweeter than all, ere our young hopes depart,
The quick'ning throb of an impassioned heart,
Beating in silence, eloquently still,
For one loved soul that answers to its thrill.
But where thy smile, Religion, hath not shone,
The chain is riven, and the charm is gone,
And, unawaken'd by thy wondrous spell,
The feelings slumber in their silent cell.

Hush'd is the voice of labor and of mirth,
The light of day is sinking from the earth,

And Evening mantles in her dewy calm
The couch of one who cannot heed its balm.*
Lo! where the chieftain on his matted bed
Leans the faint form, and hangs the feverish head;
There is no lustre in his wandering eye,
His forehead hath no show of majesty,
His gasping lip, to weak for wail or prayer,
Scarce stirs the breeze, and leaves no echo there,
And his strong arm, so nobly wont to rear
The feather'd target, or the ashen spear,
Drops powerless and cold! the pang of death
Locks the set teeth, and chokes the struggling breath;
And the last glimmering of departing day
Lingers around to herald life away.

Is there no duteous youth to sprinkle now
One drop of water on his lip and brow?
No dark-eyed maid to bring with soundless foot
The lulling potion, or the healing root?
No tender look to meet his wandering gaze?
No tone of fondness, heard in happier days,
To sooth the terrors of the spirit's flight,
And speak of mercy and of hope to-night?
All love, all leave him!—terrible and slow
Along the crowd the whisper'd murmurs grow.
"The hand of heaven is on him! is it our's
"To check the fleeting of his numbered hours?

* This sketch of the death of a New Zealander, and of the superstition which prevents the offering of any consolation or assistance, under the idea that a sick man is under the immediate influence of the Deity, is taken from the narrative of the death of Duaterra, a friendly chieftain, recorded by Mr. Nicholas, vol. ii. p. 181.

"Oh, not to us,—oh, not to us is given
"To read the book, or thwart the will, of Heaven!
"Away, away!" and each familiar face
Recoils in horror from his sad embrace;
The turf on which he lies is hallow'd ground,
The sullen priest stalks gloomily around,
And shuddering friends, that dare not soothe or save,
Hear the last groan, and dig the destined grave.
The frantic Widow folds upon her breast
Her glittering trinkets and her gorgeous vest,
Circles her neck with many a mystic charm,
Clasps the rich bracelet on her desperate arm,
Binds her black hair, and stains her eye-lid's fringe
With the jet lustre of the Henow's tinge;
Then on the spot where those dear ashes lie,
In bigot transport sits her down to die.
Her swarthy brothers mark'd the wasted cheek,
The straining eye-ball, and the stifled shriek,
And sing the praises of her deathless name,
As the last flutter racks her tortured frame.
They sleep together: o'er the natural tomb
The lichen'd pine rears up its form of gloom,
And lorn accacias shed their shadow gray,
Bloomless and leafless, o'er the buried clay.
And often there, when, calmly, coldly bright,
The midnight moon flings down her ghastly light,
With solemn murmur, and with silent tread,
The dance is order'd, and the verse is said,
And sights of wonder, sounds of spectral fear
Scare the quick glance, and chill the startled ear.

Yet direr visions e'en than these remain;
A fiercer guiltiness, a fouler stain!
Oh! who shall sing the scene of savage strife,
Where Hatred glories in the waste of life?
The hurried march, the looks of grim delight,
The yell, the rush, the slaughter, and the flight,
The arms unwearied in the cruel toil,
The hoarded vengeance and the rifled spoil;
And, last of all, the revel in the wood,
The feast of death, the banqueting of blood,
When the wild warrior gazes on his foe
Convulsed beneath him in his painful throe,
And lifts the knife, and kneels him down to drain
The purple current from the quiv'ring vein?—
Cease, cease the tale; and let the ocean's roll
Shut the dark horror from my wilder'd soul!

And are there none to succor? none to speed
A fairer feeling and a holier creed?
Alas! for this, upon the ocean blue,
Lamented Cook, thy pennon hither flew;
For* this, undaunted o'er the raging brine,
The venturous Frank upheld his Saviour's sign.
Unhappy chief! while Fancy thus surveys
The scatter'd islets, and the spakling bays,
Beneath whose cloudless sky and gorgeous sun
Thy life was ended, and thy voyage done,
In shadowy mist thy form appears to glide,
Haunting the grove, or floating on the tide;

* From the coast of Australasia the last despatches of La Peyrouse were dated. Vid. *Quarterly Review* for Feb. 1810.

Oh! there was grief for thee, and bitter tears,
And racking doubts through long and joyless years;
And tender tongues that babbled of the theme,
And lonely hearts that doated on the dream.
Pale Memory deem'd she saw thy cherish'd form
Snatch'd from the foe, or rescued from the storm;
And faithful Love, unfailing and untired,
Clung to each hope, and sigh'd as each expired.
On the black desert, or the tombless sea,
No prayer was said, no requiem sung for thee;
Affection knows not, whether o'er thy grave
The ocean murmur, or the willow wave;
But still the beacon of thy sacred name
Lights ardent souls to Virtue and to Fame;
Still Science mourns thee, and the grateful Muse
Wreathes the green cypress for her own Peyrouse.

But not thy death shall mar the gracious plan,
Nor check the task thy pious toil began;
O'er the wide waters of the bounding main
The Book of Life must win its way again,
And in the regions by thy fate endear'd,
The Cross be lifted, and the Altar rear'd.

With furrow'd brow and cheek serenely fair,
The calm wind wand'ring o'er his silver hair,
His arm uplifted, and his moisten'd eye
Fix'd in deep rapture on the golden sky,—
Upon the shore, through many a billow driven,
He kneels at last, the Messenger of Heaven!
Long years, that rank the mighty with the weak,
Have dimm'd the flush upon his faded cheek,

And many a dew, and many a noxious damp,
The daily labor, and the nightly lamp,
Have reft away, for ever, reft from him,
The liquid accent, and the buoyant limb.
Yet still within him aspirations swell
Which time corrupts not, sorrow cannot quell:
The changeless Zeal, which on, from land to land,
Speeds the faint foot, and nerves the wither'd hand,
And the mild Charity, which, day by day,
Weeps every wound and every stain away,
Rears the young bud on every blighted stem,
And longs to comfort, where she must condemn.
With these, through storms, and bitterness, and wrath,
In peace and power he holds his onward path,
Curbs the fierce soul, and sheathes the murd'rous steel,
And calms the passion he hath ceased to feel.

Yes! he hath triumph'd!—while his lips relate
The sacred story of his Saviour's fate,
While to the search of that tumultuous horde
He opens wide the Everlasting Word,
And bids the soul drink deep of wisdom there,
In fond devotion, and in fervent prayer,
In speechless awe the wonder-stricken throng
Check their rude feasting and their barbarous song:
Around his steps the gathering myriads crowd,
The chief, the slave, the timid, and the proud;
Of various features, and of various dress,
Like their own forest-leaves, confused and numberless.
Where shall your temples, where your worship be,
Gods of the air, and Rulers of the sea!

In the glad dawning of a kinder light,
Your blind adorer quits your gloomy rite,
And kneels in gladness on his native plain,
A happier votary at a holier fane.

Beautiful Land, farewell!—when toil and strife,
And all the sighs, and all the sins of life
Shall come about me, when the light of Truth
Shall scatter the bright mists that dazzled youth,
And Memory muse in sadness on the past,
And mourn for pleasure far too sweet to last;
How often shall I long for some green spot,
Where, not remembering, and remembered not,
With no false verse to deck my lying bust,
With no fond tear to vex my mould'ring dust,
This busy brain may find its grassy shrine,
And sleep, untroubled, in a shade like thine!

ATHENS.

PRIZE POEM AT TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, 1834.

"High towers, fair temples, goodly theatres,
Strong walls, rich porches, princely palaces,
Large streets, brave houses, sacred sepulchres,
Sure gates, sweet gardens, stately galleries,
Wrought with fair pillars and fine imageries,—
All these (O pity!) now are turned to dust,
And overgrown with black oblivion's rust."

SPENSER.

MUSE of old ATHENS! strike thine ancient lute!
Are the strings broken? is the music mute?
Hast thou no tears to gush, no prayers to flow,
Wails for her fate, or curses for her foe?
If still, within some dark and drear recess,
Clothed with sad pomp and spectral loveliness,
Though pale thy cheek, and torn thy flowing hair,
And reft the roses passion worshipp'd there,
Thou lingerest, lone, beneath thy laurel bough,
Glad in the incense of a poet's vow,
Bear me, oh, bear me, to the vine-clad hill,
Where nature smiles, and Beauty blushes still,
And Memory blends her tale of other years
With earnest hopes, deep sighs, and bitter tears!

Desolate Athens! though thy gods are fled,
Thy temples silent, and thy glory dead,
Though all thou hadst of beautiful and brave
Sleep in the tomb, or moulder in the wave,
Though power and praise forsake thee and forget,
Desolate Athens, thou art lovely yet!
Around thy walls, in every wood and vale,
Thine own sweet bird, the lonely nightingale,
Still makes her home: and, when the moonlight hour
Flings its soft magic over brake and bower,
Murmurs her sorrows from her ivy shrine,
Or the thick foliage of the deathless vine.
Where erst Megæra chose her fearful crown,
The bright narcissus hangs his clusters down;
And the gay crocus decks with glittering dew
The yellow radiance of his golden hue.
Still thine own olive haunts its native earth,
Green as when Pallas smiled upon its birth;
And still Cephisus pours his sleepless tide,
So clear and calm, along the meadow side,
That you may gaze long hours upon the stream,
And dream at last the poet's witching dream,
That the sweet Muses, in the neighboring bowers,
Sweep their wild harps, and wreath their odorous flowers,
And laughing Venus o'er the level plains
Waves her light lash, and shakes her gilded reins.

How terrible is Time! his solemn years,
The tombs of all our hopes and all our fears,
In silent horror roll!—the gorgeous throne,
The pillar'd arch, the monumental stone,

Melt in swift ruin; and of mighty climes,
Where Fame told tales of virtues and of crimes,
Where Wisdom taught, and Valor woke to strife,
And Art's creations breathed their mimic life,
And the young Poet, when the stars shone high,
Drank the deep rapture of the quiet sky,
Naught now remains, but Nature's placid scene,
Heaven's deathless blue, and Earth's eternal green,
The showers that fall on palaces and graves,
The suns that shine for freemen and for slaves:
Science may sleep in ruin, man in shame,
But Nature lives, still lovely, still the same!
The rock, the river,—these have no decay!
The city and its masters,—where are they?
Go forth, and wander through the cold remains
Of fallen statues, and of tottering fanes,
Seek the loved haunts of poet and of sage,
The gay palæstra, and the gaudy stage!
What signs are there? a solitary stone,
And shatter'd capital with grass o'ergrown,
A mouldering frieze, half-hid in ancient dust,
A thistle springing o'er a nameless bust;—
Yet this *was* Athens! still a holy spell
Breathes in the dome, and wanders in the dell,
And vanish'd times and wondrous forms appear,
And sudden echoes charm the waking ear:
Decay itself is drest in glory's gloom,
For every hillock is a hero's tomb,
And every breeze to fancy's slumber brings
The mighty rushing of a spirit's wings.

Oh, yes! where glory such as thine hath been,
Wisdom and Sorrow linger round the scene;
And where the hues of faded splendor sleep,
Age kneels to moralize, and youth to weep!

E'en now, methinks, before the eye of day,
The night of ages rolls its mist away,
And the cold dead, the wise, and fair, and proud,
Start from the urn, and rend the tranquil shroud.
Here the wild Muse hath seized her madd'ning lyre,
With grasp of passion, and with glance of fire,
And called the visions of her awful reign
From death and gloom, to light and life again.
Hark! the huge Titan on his frozen rock
Scoffs at Heaven's King, and braves the lightning-shock,
The Colchian sorc'ress drains her last brief bliss,
The thrilling rapture of a mother's kiss,
And the gray Theban raises to the skies
His hueless features, and his rayless eyes.
There blue-eyed Pallas guides the willing feet
Of her loved sages to her calm retreat,
And lights the radiance of her glitt'ring torch
In the rich garden and the quiet porch:
Lo! the throng'd arches, and the nodding trees,
Where Truth and Wisdom stray'd with Socrates,
Where round sweet Xenophon rapt myriads hung,
And liquid honey dropp'd from Plato's tongue!
Oh! thou wert glorious then! thy sway and sword
On earth and sea were dreaded and adored,
And Satraps knelt, and Sovereigns tribute paid,
And prostrate cities trembled and obeyed:

The grim Laconian when he saw thee sighed,
And frown'd the venom of his hate and pride;
And the pale Persian dismal vigils kept,
If Rumor whispered 'Athens!' where he slept;
And mighty Ocean, for thy royal sail,
Hush'd the loud wave, and still'd the stormy gale;
And to thy sons Olympian Jove had given
A brighter ether, and a purer heaven.
Those sons of thine were not a mingled host,
From various fathers born, from every coast,
And driven from shore to shore, from toil to toil,
To shun a despot, or to seek a spoil;
Oh, no! they drew their unpolluted race
Up from the earth which was their dwelling-place;
And the warm blood, whose blushing streams had run,
Ceaseless and stainless, down, from sire to son,
Went clear and brilliant through its hundred rills,
Pure as thy breeze, eternal as thy hills!

Alas! How soon that day of splendor past,
That bright, brief day, too beautiful to last!
Let other lips tell o'er the oft-told tale;—
How art succeeds, when spear and falchion fail,
How fierce dissension, impotent distrust,
Caprice that made it treason to be just,
And crime in some, and listlessness in all,
Shook the great city to her fate and fall,
Till gold at last made plain the tyrant's way,
And bent all hearts in bondage and decay!
I loathe the task! let other lyres record
The might and mercy of the Roman sword,

The aimless struggle, and the fruitless wile,
The victor's vengeance, and the patron's smile.
Yet, in the gloom of that long, cheerless night,
There gleams one ray to comfort and delight;
One spot of rapture courts the Muse's eye,
In the dull waste of shame and apathy.
Here, where wild Fancy wondrous fictions drew,
And knelt to worship, till she thought them true,—
Here, in the paths which beauteous Error trod,
The great Apostle preached the UNKNOWN GOD!

Silent the crowd were hush'd; for his the eye
Which power controls not, sin cannot defy;
His the tall stature, and the lifted hand,
And the fix'd countenance of grave command;
And his the voice, which heard but once, will sink
So deep into the hearts of those that think,
That they may live till years and years are gone,
And never lose one echo of its tone.
Yet, when the voice had ceased, a clamor rose,
And mingled tumult rang from friends and foes;
The threat was mutter'd, and the galling gibe,
By each pale Sophist and his paltry tribe;
The haughty Stoic pass'd in gloomy state,
The heartless Cynic scowl'd his grov'lling hate,
And the soft garden's rose-encircled child
Smiled unbelief, and shuddered as he smiled.—
Tranquil he stood; for he had heard,—could hear,
Blame and reproach with an untroubled ear;
O'er his broad forehead visibly were wrought
The dark deep lines of courage and of thought;

And if the color from his cheek was fled,
Its paleness spoke no passion,—and no dread.
The meek endurance, and the steadfast will,
The patient nerve, that suffers, and is still,
The humble faith, that bends to meet the rod,
And the strong hope, that turns from man to God,—
All these were his; and his firm heart was set,
And knew the hour *must* come,—but was not yet.

Again long years of darkness and of pain,
The Moslem cimeter, the Moslem chain;
Where Phidias toil'd, the turban'd spoilers brood,
And the Mosque glitters where the Temple stood.
Alas! how well the slaves their fetters wear,
Proud in disgrace, and cheerful in despair!
While the glad music of the boatman's song
On the still air floats happily along.
The light caique goes bounding on its way
Through the bright ripples of Piræus' bay;
And when the stars shine down, and twinkling feet
In the gay measure blithely part and meet,
The dark-eyed maiden scatters through the grove
Her tones of fondness, and her looks of love:
Oh, sweet the lute, the dance! but bondage flings
Grief on the steps, and discord on the strings;
Yet, thus degraded, sunken as thou art,
Still thou art dear to many a boyish heart;
And many a poet, full of fervor, goes,
To read deep lessons, Athens, in thy woes.

And such was he, the long-lamented one,
England's fair hope, sad Granta's cherish'd son,
Ill-fated TWEDDELL!—If the flush of youth,
The light of genius, and the glow of truth,
If all that fondness honors and adores,
If all that grief remembers and deplores,
Could bid the spoiler turn his scythe away,
Or snatch one flower from darkness and decay,
Thou hadst not mark'd, fair city, his decline,
Nor rear'd the marble in thy silent shrine—
The cold, ungrieving marble—to declare
How many hopes lie desolated there.
We will not mourn for him! ere human ill
Could blight one bliss, or make one feeling chill,
In Learning's pure embrace he sunk to rest,
Like a tired child upon his mother's breast:
Peace to his hallow'd shade! his ashes dwell
In that sweet spot he loved in life so well,
And the sad Nurse who watch'd his early bloom,
And this his home, points proudly to his tomb.

But oft, when twilight sleeps on earth and sea,
Beautiful Athens! we will weep for thee;
For thee, and for thine offspring!—will they bear
The dreary burthen of their own despair,
Till nature yields, and sense and life depart
From the torn sinews and the trampled heart?
Oh! by the mighty shades that dimly glide
Where Victory beams upon the turf or tide,
By those who sleep at Marathon in bliss,
By those who fell at glorious Salamis,

By every laurell'd brow and holy name,
By every thought of freedom and of fame,
By all ye bear, by all that ye have borne,
The blow of anger, and the glance of scorn,
The fruitless labor, and the broken rest,
The bitter torture, and the bitterer jest,
By your sweet infant's unavailing cry,
Your sister's blush, your mother's stifled sigh,
By all the tears that ye have wept, and weep,—
Break, Sons of Athens, break your weary sleep!

Yea, it is broken!—Hark, the sudden shock
Rolls on from wave to wave, from rock to rock;
Up, for the Cross and Freedom! far and near
Forth starts the sword, and gleams the patriot spear,
And bursts the echo of the battle song,
Cheering and swift, the banded hosts along.
On, Sons of Athens! let your wrongs and woes
Burnish the blades, and nerve the whistling bows;
Green be the laurel, ever blest the meed
Of him that shines to-day in martial deed,
And sweet his sleep beneath the dewy sod,
Who falls for fame, his country, and his God!

The hoary sire has helm'd his locks of gray,
Scorn'd the safe hearth, and totter'd to the fray:
The beardless boy has left his gilt guitar,
And bared his arm for manhood's holiest war.
E'en the weak girl has mail'd her bosom there,
Clasped the rude helmet on her auburn hair,

Changed love's own smile for valor's fiery glance,
Mirth for the field, the distaff for the lance.
Yes, she was beauteous, that Athenian maid,
When erst she sate within her myrtle shade,
Without a passion, and without a thought,
Save those which innocence and childhood wrought,
Delicious hopes, and dreams of life and love,
Young flowers below, and cloudless skies above.
But oh, how fair, how more than doubly fair,
Thus with the laurel twined about her hair,—
While at her feet her country's chiefs assemble,
And those soft tones amid the war-cry tremble,
As some sweet lute creeps eloquently in,
Breaking the tempest of the trumpet's din,—
Her corselet fasten'd with a golden clasp,—
Her falchion buckled to her tender grasp,—
And quiv'ring lip, flush'd cheek, and flashing eye
All breathing fire, all speaking 'Liberty!'

Firm has that struggle been! but is there none
To hymn the triumph, when the fight is won?
Oh for the harp which once—but through the strings,
Far o'er the sea, the dismal night-wind sings;
Where is the hand that swept it?—cold and mute,
The lifeless master, and the voiceless lute!
The crowded hall, the murmur, and the gaze,
The look of envy, and the voice of praise,
And friendship's smile, and passion's treasur'd vow,—
All these are nothing,—life is nothing now!
But the hush'd triumph, and the garb of gloom,
The sorrow deep, but mute, around the tomb,

The soldier's silence, and the matron's tear,—
These are the trappings of the sable bier,
Which time corrupts not, falsehood cannot hide,
Nor folly scorn, nor calumny deride.
And 'what is writ, is writ!'—the guilt and shame,
All eyes have seen them, and all lips may blame;
Where is the record of the wrong that stung,
The charm that tempted, and the grief that wrung?
Let feeble hands, iniquitously just,
Rake up the reliques of the sinful dust,
Let ignorance mock the pang it cannot feel,
And Malice brand, what Mercy would conceal;
It matters not! he died as all would die;
Greece had his earliest song, his latest sigh;
And o'er the shrine, in which that cold heart sleeps,
Glory looks dim, and joyous conquest weeps.
The maids of Athens to the spot shall bring
The freshest roses of the new-born spring,
The Spartan boys their first-won wreath shall bear,
To bloom round BYRON's urn, or droop in sadness there!

Farewell, sweet ATHENS! thou shalt be again
The sceptred Queen of all thine old domain,
Again be blest in all thy varied charms
Of loveliness and valor, arts and arms.
Forget not then, that in thine hour of dread,
While the weak battled, and the guiltless bled,
Though Kings and Courts stood gazing on thy fate,
The bad, to scoff—the better, to debate,

Here, where the soul of youth remembers yet
The smiles and tears which manhood must forget,
In a far land, the honest and the free
Had lips to pray, and hearts to feel, for thee!

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"*Episodes of Insect Life,*" just published by Redfield, is the prettiest book we remember to have seen since our advent among books: butterflies, ladybirds, gnats, moths, and beetles, are most exquisitely pictured, with all sorts of quaint vignettes. The descriptions are charming 'Episodes,' and the paper, printing, and binding, have never been excelled in this country. If you have ever chased a butterfly, reader, go and buy this book."—*Knickerbocker.*

"A pleasing novelty is this volume, both in its conception and in its execution. The author personates the *House Cricket*, (*Acheta Domestica,*) and chirps as musically and domestically as does 'the Cricket on the Hearth' in the melodious 'Christmas Chimes.' A more tasteful and attractive book has never been issued from the American press. Its exquisite wood-cuts, representing by most ingenious devices the developments and peculiarities of various insect tribes, its fine-textured lily leaves, its clear, bold letter-press, the charming vivacity of its style, its scientific information conveyed under the type of anecdote and illustration, its allegorical decorations, its keen satire and droll Esop-like moralizing—these all chain the eye to the volume, and make one quite enamored, not of the cricket only, but of his numerous compeers of the insect world. Indeed we are almost disposed to regard our friend Lyon, with his magnetic powder, as a sort of wholesale murderer of innocence and beauty, and to upbraid ourselves for having, by recommendation, become auxiliary to the extermination of any species of 'varmint.' Hereafter the lady-reader of this volume when in her garden walks she shall encounter the spider spinning himself down upon her hood or cape, instead of screaming 'Ugh! John, William, come kill this ugly creature!' will fondly say, 'Come hither, my *Epeira diadema*, spin for me thy pretty gossamer.' The stroller in the summer fields, instead of flying before the *wasp*, will pause to admire the graceful evolutions of the golden-winged but short-lived *Vespa* the builder of palace-tombs. And through the livelong summer night how shall we welcome the sharp violin-twang of the mosquito, and yield our veins to this phlebotomizing practitioner of the old school.

"What a world of wonders is thrown open to us in these mere episodes of insect life. Welcome, cricket, to our home! In summer we will give thee whatever of garden space the sepulchred enclosure of city walls allows, and in winter a deserted oven or whatever kitchen-range or cellar-furnace have left of that ancient realm of domestic joy, the hearth-stone and the chimney-corner.

"This volume, following the order of the months, closes with April. We hope therefore that there are others in store. The subject presents a delightful field of contemplation to the devout and inquiring mind."—*N. Y. Ind.*

"In scope, style, and execution, this is a most tastefully elegant, and usefully entertaining book. It is a graphic, sprightly portraiture of the natural history of insects, written for popular reading, free from scientific terms, and abounding with curious facts, elegant descriptions, humorous anecdotes, and enthusiastic interest, relative to the habits, appearance, uses, troubles, &c., of all the multitude of ephemera. The work is comprised in three volumes, one relating to the Insects of Spring, another to those of Summer, and the third to those of Autumn. Mr. Redfield has issued the first; and in a style of typography and illustration of remarkable taste and beauty. The engravings are exquisitely fine, printed in letter-press, yet with an elegance and finish which was never attained on wood. Some new art has been applied here, evidently, producing extraordinary effects. These plates are numerous, ingenious, and tastefully disposed. It is a work which will give delight to all classes of readers, mingling science and romance, anecdote, and fact, taste and knowledge, with such skill and sprightliness, that, whether taken up as a book of learning or a book of leisure, it will be equally sure to please. The English journals and reviews have been for some time praising it, and we are very glad to see it in this elegant form, so well adapted to win its way where the same useful knowledge, in a more homely garb, would find but little welcome."—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

"A volume of essays, sketches, and stories illustrative of the habits of Insect Life. Its poetic and imaginative style will attract all who can appreciate wit and humor, made subsidiary to the diffusion of interesting and valuable information. The general appearance of the book is quite in harmony with its literary excellence, presenting a model of typography, &c."—*Journal of Com.*

"*Episodes of Insect Life*, by Acheta Domestica, M. E. S.: Is the title of a beautiful volume, illustrated in the most admirable and artistic style. This work is a specimen of typographical neatness, and its contents unfold the wonders of the insect world in the most pleasing and fanciful manner. It is the volume of all others, which our readers will take with them during the summer months to the sea shore or the bush. The author, in a single line, provokes one to laughter and thought, and concludes every sentence by imparting some useful little bit of information."—*Boston Evening Gazette.*

"This splendid volume is a reprint of an English work which has attained a well deserved celebrity abroad, and is now introduced in a beautiful form to American readers. Its author is an enthusiastic entomologist, and gives every desirable evidence of belonging to that very small class, the true lovers of nature. Of pretenders to the simple taste which is exhibited in these pages, multitudes may be found, any where, but Walton, and White, and Davy, are as far removed from such sentimentalists, as angels are above men. This book has points of affinity with the complete Angler, the Natural History of Shelborne and Salmonia. There is much poetry in it—not a little of rare and curious matter, and a great deal of scientific knowledge. It is written in an easy and elegant style, and is destined to live.

"The style in which this volume is issued, is an honor to the American press. The head and tail pieces to the chapters, are in a high style of art; and are favorable specimens of the perfection to which wood-engraving has attained among us. There are few American works which will compare with it in appearance. Nobody will repent buying it."—*Old Colony Memorial.*

"We have read this work and felt our interest and admiration rising, and strengthening, with every page. The authoress, for we are told, 'Acheta' is a lady, deserves all praise for her work, and may well be proud of what she has accomplished. In the words of one whose opinion is worth having, on account of his natural and cultivated capacity of discernment of things essentially meritorious, and beautiful, we can say, that if the publications of the last twenty years were gathered together, we doubt if a work more charming and delightful could be found, than this. We are lured into pleasant knowledge out of 'blissful ignorance,' by the tempting fictions, and 'thin veils' of fancy, Acheta presents—her style too is the most agreeable, sprightly, and spicy imaginable. She is a chatty, charming author, 'and no mistake.'

"This volume, (we have seen and read) is the first of the three which form the complete series. All sorts of insects, their appearance, personal, and habits individual, are well discussed, and the illustrations given, are perfect gems. Eyes that love to feast on things fanciful, and most beautiful, and thoughts willing to be beguiled into useful and intellectual amusements, will be attracted and enchained by the work, without a doubt.

Mr. Redfield deserves all praise too, for re-publishing this graceful book in a style so worthy of its prototype, and we are confident that the appreciative will not rest satisfied with paying him merely in thanks."—*Rochester Democrat.*

"This book, which Mr. Redfield has done himself great honor in publishing in such exquisite style, is a fit annual for the summer holidays. We have no where, in late time, met a work so every way charming—the binding is beautiful—the paper and type perfect, and the illustrations admirably executed after the most original of all original designs. But this dress would be an aggravation after all, and a despicable one too, if the reader of this first volume of three, which are given to the nature, habits, and 'outward manifestation' of the Insects of Spring, Summer and Autumn, did not feel charmed, interested and much instructed, by the perusal. The style is graceful, full of humor, and faultlessly beautiful; and of all books, in which lovers of fiction are charmed into the bondage and study of facts, of all at least which we have met, we pronounce this the very best. The authoress, 'Acheta' is a woman, so the Reviews tell us—says that "the following essays have been written, not with a view of teaching Entomology as a science, but of affording such a measure of acquaintance with the habits of the Insect world, as may serve to promote the ulterior and more useful design of cultivating the rudimental seeds of systematic investigation." We do not quote this opening sentence of the preface as a specimen of the style of the writer; the reader who would not read the preface *through*, perhaps, could not, we venture to say, lay the work aside without expressing, as we do, our hearty admiration; nor without the hope that our people may prove in the judgment they pass upon it, a love for a range of light and useful literature, a little exalted above the 'Milliner line.'"—*Ontario Repository.*

"This is a book for drawing-rooms and watering-places, and certainly highly novel and entertaining. While mingling the pleasant with the useful, it presents many facts which, however well known to naturalists, will leave something worthy of remembrance in the minds of the class for which it is evidently designed—the votaries of fashion and people of leisure, who rarely trouble the sciences, and when they do so, limit themselves to the regular ten minutes of a morning call."—*Sartain's Magazine.*

"This is one of the most interesting works that we ever perused. It is truly original in its conception. The habits and pursuits of various tribes of the insect race are described, in such a manner as to give it the interest of a romance, and yet it is a thorough scientific work. The author has recorded their habits as we might suppose one of their own class of beings would do, substituting reason for instinct, and clothing the insects described, with the attributes of mankind, of various classes of which they are made the type. The essays, says the author, 'were written not with a view of teaching entomology as a science, but of affording such a measure of acquaintance with the habits of the insect world, as may serve to promote the ulterior and more useful design of cultivating the rudimental seeds of systematic investigation.' The book is illustrated with numerous beautiful engravings of different insects, and its mechanical execution is superior."—*Christian Freeman.*

"One of the most charming books of this or any other day; conveying a store of entomological knowledge, in a style the most amusing and delightful. It is embellished with etchings on steel in the best style of art. The printing, paper, typography, and whole mechanical appearance, is most creditable to Mr. Redfield. We have marked some passages from the book, that will give our readers a taste of its quality. But in Harpers' Magazine, the Living Age, and other periodicals, the author's playful pages have already been made free with to a considerable extent; and all who have read an extract will desire to possess the entire volume."—*Boston Transcript.*

"This is an elegant reprint of a very charming London book, the first of a series, embracing the Insects of Spring. It will be followed successively by the Insects of Summer, and the Insects of Autumn. The English press extol the work in very high terms; and from a hasty perusal, we are inclined to think the book can hardly be overpraised. It treats the subject scientifically, and yet familiarly; so that all classes of readers, who have any taste for the wonders and beauties of Nature, will be equally interested in its pages.

The style in which Mr. Redfield has issued this work has hardly been surpassed, in the typography and illustrations, by any work got up in this country. It is as elegant as an annual, and vastly more instructive and entertaining."—*Evening Mirror.*

"The volume is beautifully printed, illustrated with exquisite taste and humor, and written in a style which gives to the results of much observation and study, and to a subject repulsive to many, all the charms of a fairy tale. The mysteries of instinct, as developed in the myriad forms of insect life, form a theme of inexhaustible variety; and the author has brought the inspiration of a poetic genius to its illustration.

We do not venture to conjecture who the author or authoress may be. We suppose this will be revealed with the subsequent numbers of the series, for the subject is one that will so tempt the writer and the public, that neither will be content with a single volume."—*Albany Atlas.*

"This is a remarkable work. It treats of the most interesting peculiarities of insect life, but mixes with its sketches poetic, romantic and didactic discourses in abundance. The style of the writer is elegant, and the mechanical execution of the book especially fine. It abounds in quaint plates, which adds much to the interest of the text."—*Zion's Herald.*

"A rare and very beautiful book upon bugs: the poetry of insect life: a new subject for the fancy, but well treated, so as to furnish instruction with entertainment, and being embellished with numerous engravings, and elegantly printed, it forms a handsome volume for the parlor."—*N. Y. Observer.*

"A book for young and old, of more than usual interest, is 'Episodes of Insect Life,' published by J. S. Redfield, New York. The plan of this familiar entomological treatise, if so grave a word as treatise may be used, is novel and attractive; and the reader is led on from page to page, and from chapter to chapter, almost as if he were poring over a romance. The charms of poetic association, allegoric fable, and moral analogy, are all brought into requisition by the author, who has succeeded in the production of a most delightful work, which the publisher has profusely embellished. Some of the illustrations are quaint enough. We heartily recommend 'Episodes of Insect Life,' as a book from which all readers may gain amusement and instruction."
Arthur's Gazette.

"The lovers of Natural History will find a rich treat in this beautiful volume. Avoiding the dry details of a technical nomenclature, the genial writer describes the curious phenomena of insect life with the delightful simplicity and unction of an enthusiast for nature. Even if the work were not recommended by the extent and fullness of its information, it would still derive a perpetual charm from the quaint humor and delicate beauty of its style. The embellishments, with which it is profusely illustrated, are engraved with great softness and fidelity. No book has recently been issued from the New York press which presents a more creditable specimen of elegant typography."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

"A new work, published by J. S. Redfield, of this city, on the 'Episodes of Insect Life,' is one of the most interesting and beautiful books of the present season. It is an 8vo. volume of 320 pages, profusely illustrated with engravings, executed with great beauty and fidelity. The genial writer describes the curious phenomena of insect life with the delightful simplicity and unction of an enthusiast for nature. The value of the work, for the extent and fullness of its information, is far beyond its mere price, and its interest is greatly enhanced by the delicacy and quaintness of its style. Its typographical execution is in the highest style of the art."—*Sears' Family Visitor.*

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"This is a very agreeable book, which has attracted considerable attention in England. It is not intended as a scientific work, but rather as a popular treatise, showing the nature, the habits, and the life of the insect tribes which crowd the earth and swarm the air. The author defends the order of nature in the insect creation, and shows their uses in the great economy of nature. The various kinds of insects are arranged in the order of the months in which they make their appearance, and as the four first months only are exhausted, we infer that the volume before us will be followed by others upon the same subject. If they are as well written as this, they will find many readers. The book is beautifully printed, and is illustrated with numerous engravings."—*Providence Journal.*

"This is a very interesting volume, and will be found a most attractive work to all ages, for, while it is amusing and playful in its language, it is replete with valuable information. It is an account of the habits of those insects which appear with us in the spring. It describes their various transformations, their changeable states and conditions, without the use of hard technical language, but most intelligibly to the general reader. It might be called Science made pleasure, or Fact made fanciful. The work is embellished by numerous engravings, but at the present time, the air and ground is full, and the whole face of nature teems with illustrations to this agreeable work. A finer specimen of typography is rarely seen, and we commend it to all those who would see in nature constant illustrations of the power and goodness of its great Creator, whose every work doth praise Him.—*Newark Daily Advertiser.*

"This beautifully printed and illustrated work is not indebted to its mechanical execution, solely, for its attractiveness. It is written in a style singularly fascinating, and abounds with facts regarding the Insect tribes, which would rivet the wondering attention of the reader, were they presented through the medium of a less attractive style. It is evident that the author has not written this work merely for name of the thing—nor was he prompted to the task solely for the good it might do—for there is a genial feeling pervading the book, which evidences that he has a love for his subject that renders it a pleasant pastime for him to prepare such a volume. The volume was written for popular circulation, and will not therefore perplex the minds of the uninitiated by the use of scientific terms of definition. No reader can fail of entering with hearty sympathy into the soliloquy of the author as he is roused from his revery by the chirp of the cricket on the hearth, whom he captures, and this familiar manner will insure readers who would be repelled from a work of more dignity.

"A knowledge of the phenomena which the science of Entomology exhibits, is useful to the heart as well as the head. The wonderful instinct of many of these insects, is a demonstration of the existence of a Creator who has gifted them with the faculty of adapting means to ends which secure their highest usefulness and happiness. That this instinct is a faculty specially imparted, and not the result of the creature's own thought or reasoning power, is evident from the fact that he has no faculty of overcoming any obstacle which may interfere with the uniform operation of that instinct, even though it might be overcome by a far less exercise of contrivance and foresight, than is displayed in that instinct itself. The intent of this volume is not to teach Natural Theology, but it nevertheless does so, and, like many works of similar character, is valuable not only for what it imparts, but what it suggests."

Waverley Magazine.

"A beauty of a book! As the Irish say when hungry, a *broth* of a book! It does not teach entomology as a science; but, in a manner, steals it unto you, while you are only unbending your mind by watching the habits of the insect world. Here you have a delightful mixture of natural history, observation, anecdote, poetry, and moralizing, which it will be well worth your while to make your own. The getting-up of the volume is exceedingly handsome, with lovely paper and print, and full of illustrations. Children would devour it, and eat it over and over again for the fiftieth time. Every copy sold, is sure to be worn out with constant use."—*Puritan Recorder.*

"This is one of the most charming books we have seen issued from the New York press in many a day; and it comes to us most appropriately at the opening of summer, when the people it describes come into active life. We almost feel disposed to apologize to the publisher for being so long in noticing it. But by some 'untoward' circumstance or other, it passed beyond our reach. We could not help imagining that, according to a natural law, so great was its attraction, the copy laid on our table either carried off somebody, or somebody carried off it—the same thing to us—so that we could not do it justice at an earlier day. We now, though late, pay our respects to it. The paper, the type, the exquisite delicacy of the engraving, the tasteful style of the binding, the enchanting nature of the subject, and the fascinating manner in which it is written, render it altogether a gem of its kind. Most of the busy gold-seeking race of mankind, care but little about natural histories of the *insect* people; and for ourself we must say, that in our boyhood days, we never cared to look farther among this people than the butterfly and the bee; to chase the one was among our greatest pleasures, and to be chased by the other, among our greatest terrors; for who would not dread the sting of a bee? To those who have found the minute and systematic classification of Kirby and Spence, of Rennie and Jardine, of Burmeister and Westwood, dry and uninteresting, this volume will be a desideratum, as the author has made 'philosophy in spirit science in earnest,' and thrown around the subject such a 'charm of adventitious interest and reflected consequence,' as renders it wholly irresistible. If, then, any of our readers have one single grain of taste for the fine arts, or curiosity to know anything about the antics of the cricket, the winter life of the fly, the aeronautic expeditions of the spider, the transformations of the silk-worm, the art of war among the wasps, the political and domestic economy of the bee, and the navigation of water-devils, so called, he will here find the whole invested with an interest which throws the Arabian Nights and Don Quixote into the shade. *This* gives marvellous *facts—these* but marvellous *pictures*. We prophesy an extensive circulation for this volume."

Ch. Intelligencer.

"We have received a copy of this beautiful and instructive work, and have perused a portion of its contents with unusual satisfaction and delight. It is gracefully and enticingly written, and gradually involves the reader in the study and investigation of a branch of natural history, which he might never have penetrated without the literary inducements and charms of a book of this description. In addition to its intrinsic merits, it is a beautiful ornament, and will rank with the finest annuals of the day."—*Penn. Statesman.*

"This is a remarkable production, dedicated to Kirby and Spence, the well known entomologists, and to Professor Forbes, the interesting historian of zoological instincts. The object of the work is to give, in an interesting, attractive, and amusing form, sketches of the habits of the insect world. It is beautifully got up, and abounds in quaint and humorous illustrations."

Boston Atlas.

"This is a series of very entertaining essays by an observer of nature, and written with a view to direct attention to the habits of the insect world. The author does not confine himself to the subject like a teacher, but rambles pleasantly about like an amateur. The work is beautifully printed, and magnificently illustrated."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

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